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TATHAM (J.) Fancies Theatre, with a Pastoral, Love crowns the end, RODD
Poems, *green morocco, gilt leaves, very rare,* £2 10s 12mo, 1657 Jan. 1. 1847.

Fr. Wingham 1646.

THE MIRROUR OF FANCIES. WITH A Tragicomedy.

Intitled,

Love Crowns the End.

Acted by the Schollars of Bingham in the County of Nottingham.

By *Jo. Tatham*, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *W. Burden* in Cannon-street neer London-stone, 1657.

THE

MIRROUR OF FANCIES:

WITH A

Tragicomedy,

Intitled,

Love Crowns the End.

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of Langham in the County of

Northampton.

By Ph. Tandem, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for W. Burden in Cannon-Street

near London-Stone, 1657.

151.661

TO THE

HONORABLE AND THE MOST WORTHY MECÆNAS, SIR John Winter Knight, Secretary of State, and Master of Requests to the Queenes most *excellent Majestie.*

HONOR'D SIR,

THe confidence I have of your Native goodnesse (of which the World is sufficient Dilater) has prompt mee to this audacious presumption, which with

ſome would have beene held a crime inſufferable. But I know your Honor is ſo farre from a Cenſurer, that you had rather cheriſh endeavours then deſtroy 'em: Beſides, there's a certaine Sect of ſelfe-affecters, that will (unleſſe ſome judicious Patron be fixt to the frontspeece, as the beames of the Sunne, to correct their ſawſie peering, with blindneſſe) not only diſgorge their Envie, but wreſt the ſenſe to be ſuccinct; I (knowing your Name to be ſuch, as amongſt the diſcerning Spirits deſerves the higheſt Attributes of worth; and of ſuch ſingular power, 'twill extirp the Malevolent thoughts that raigne in the vulgar and moſt infectious Traducers) tender this, as my firſt Sacrifice, at the Altar

of

of your mercy. And if it may obtaine the reflection of your acceptance, 'twill so much encourage your poore Admirer, that I shall be Ambitious in the continuance of your favours: These are the Mayden-blosomes of my Muse, which (without your protection) may (in their infancie) be destroyed by the breath of Zoïlus; *but shelter'd by your Honor, they shall live, and dare the Criticks rancour, retorting to their owne shame. Sir, the fostering this Orphan will make you famous for Charity, and impose an obligation beyond expression, upon*

Your Honors truly devoted,

JO. TATHAM.

To the honor'd Patron
of his Book.

SIR,

AS my ſervice binds me and my love,
(*M*ay your faire ſelfe ſo of the ſame approve)
As your deſervings, I have plac'd you here
Equall with *Phœbus* in his Hemiſphere,
Where your refulgent brightneſſe caſt's a light
Into theſe twinkling Lamps, and give's them ſight.
Minerva bad me tell you ſhe is proud
Of thoſe deſerts which in your breſt doe crowd
As in a throng, which our capacity
Not able to finde out, leave's to her eye.
Thrice worthy *Hero*, may your *Halcion* dayes
Be ne're extinct till crazie Time decayes.

Jo. Tatham.

Fancie

Fancie, to the Reader.

READers of all ſorts, when you have ſurvai'd
Each roome within this Theater, *and paid*
Sufficient for admittance, you'l allow
To render me account of all, and how
You like the fabrick, if it be well rear'd;
The thought of falling is not to be fear'd,
Though he that did erect it, has not ſerv'd
Seaven yeares to the Profeſſion, nor deſerv'd
The Attribute of Architect, yet hee
Expects by your faire hands to be made free;
Hee'l then ſet up in th' Citie, and in ſpight
Of Suburb *power, or* Corporation's *might:*
Uſe his beſt skill to pleaſe you. Faith, be juſt,
Doe not enſeale his Freedome with the auſt,
Hee's preſt t'obey you howſoe're, and will
Without a grumble, ſerve you, and fulfill

Forſooth,

Forsooth, your precepts being prest so lowe,
I hope you'l raise him, Char'ty teacheth so:
Yet, hee'l not begge your favours, to assist
Him, by Certificate, doe what you list;
He knowes the worst on't, if you doe refuse,
'Tis but the having (to the Hall) his Muse
To have the gentle notch; and so to try
If hee in time can gaine the Mystery;
Hee sweares he will defie you, when that hee
Atchives to th' Warden of the Company.

To

To his friend the Author on his *Fancies Theater.*

FAncie, in all his *Colours* ne're appear'd
So variously delightfull, as in this
Magnificent *Theater*, which thou hast rear'd
Out of thy *Genuine braine*, and call'st it *His*.
Here does he take all shapes, and act all parts;
The noble *Hero*, and the humble *Swaine*;
The jocund Lovers, and lamenting hearts.
As well the Buskind, as the Comick straine.
Fancie has something here for every one,
From *Reveller* to *Mourner*; still provided,
Each brings a proper apprehension;
And one not by anothers humor guided.
But let all come and welcome: The severe
Cato himselfe may have free entrance here.

R. Broome.

To

To his friend the Author, on his ingenious *Theater of Fancies*.

A *Theater* is built, and every part
Order'd with various Workmanship and Art,
The *Sceanes* with *Protean* transformation move,
Presenting Buskins, Socks, and *Themes* of love:
A *M*ourners teares, and joy of a faire Bride;
Smart Satyre, and a world of change beside.
'Tis not the *Building* only Men should see,
But what's prepar'd for *Action* in't by thee.
Upon the outward *forme* let no Man looke,
But search the richer *inside* of thy Booke.
And if their humors doe not judgement blinde,
They'l most things pleasing, none offending finde.

Sic censet Amicus.

THO. NABBES.

To

To his loving friend the Author, on *his Fancies Theater.*

'Tis worth enough to have so many friends,
Who doe applaud with judgement thy faire ends;
Which raise thy Towring *Fancies* to such height,
That ev'ry line affords us a conceit
Farre different from the Whimzies of the time,
Where 'tis their chiefest praise to trot in Rime,
And thunder out their meaning in a Phrase,
Wo'd strike a *Martiall* spirit in a maze:
But let the world judge if what thou hast done,
Deserve not good mens approbation?
For my part, I shall deeme thee worthy praise,
When such a troope as these extoll thy Bayes.
When Fancie in thy *Theater* doth play,
And wins more credit than a second day;
When thy pure *Helicon* so high doth flow,
It out-braves *Iordan* or the swelling *Poe*.
Let not thy Fancie ebbe, but more and more
Inlarge it's limits, and encroach the Shoare.
And let the Sea-borne Goddesse ever be
Propitious to thy straines of Poesie.
And may'st thou in thy Verse so happy prove,
That *Cupid* may affect thy beauteous Love
Dearer than *Psyche*, till thou make her be
Fairer than thine, lest he shou'd Rivall thee.

Thy Friend C. G.

To

To his Friend the Author, on his *Fancies Theater.*

Friend, since the choise and most *Emphatick* phrase
Appeares too slender to enrich thy prayse;
How shall the discord of my jarring skill
Ought but detract from th'honor of thy Quill?
But yet, so just an int'rest in my love
Thy merits clayme, that should I not approve
The rich *Exchequer* of thy *pregnant* Braine
To it's true worth, I should appeare a staine.
Come all you Youths fill'd with *Phœbean* fire,
(As tribute to the Musick of his *Lyre*)
Bring each with willing Palmes a *Daphnean* Bough;
And make a *Chaplet* to impale his Brow,
Into whose Brest *Apollo's* selfe hath ray'd
Such loftie *Raptures*, as may well perswade
The transmigration which *Pythagoras*
Maintain'd for truth, may for authentick passe.
For, when th'inticing pleasure of thy Line,
And teeming *Fancies* unexhausted *Myne*
I view, me thinks the *Genius* of those *Three*
Admired *Laureats* are ensphear'd in *Thee*,
Smooth *Shakespeare*, neat *Randolph*, and wittie *Ben*;
Flow in a mutuall sweetnesse from *Thy* Pen:
Nature in *Thee* seemeth Arts parallell,
For *Thou* art both her *Pride* and *Miracle*.
May th'Virgin *Candor* of thy infant Bayes,
Unravisht, spring, spight of our Critick dayes;
And from *Thee* such *Nectarean* Dew distill,
As may the world with admiration fill.

Geo. Lynn.

To his good friend M. *Iohn Tatham* *upon his* Fancies Theater.

TO ſee what upſtart Scriblers ſtrive in Rime,
To be the Paper-blurrers of the time,
Makes me amaz'd; yet if they wo'd but ſee
The flowry Raptures that are done by thee,
They wo'd no queſtion bluſh to ſee the Bulls,
And rabling Ballads of their windy ſculls.
Here they may ſee compos'd a ſpicy-neſt
Of flaming Fancies, all in ſpangles dreſt:
For here each line that to the eye appeares,
May ſing a Lullaby unto the Spheres.
Poore Fancies marre a Theater, but ſee
The *Fancies Theater* is made by thee.

Robert Chamberlaine.

To

To his friend M^r. *John Tatham* on *his Fancies Theater.*

TO ſhew my ſelfe in Print I ne're had thought,
But that thy *Fancies* has my thoughts out-wrought.
What ſhall I ſay? 'tis this I doe admire,
And think thy wits like to th'aſpiring fire,
Will ne're deſcend; thy braine from vulgar ſtraines
Is clarifi'd ſo neatly, it containes
Th'Epitome of ſmooth and well ſcan'd verſe,
And though in future times thy aged herſe,
Shall be enthron'd with Lawrell; yet this age
May blame my zealous friendſhip, and in rage
Both carp at thee, and me: But it ſhall ne're
Make me ſtrike ſayle, but rather make my ſteere
Beare ſtiffe with malice for to think that men
Would make abortive this thy Infant Pen.
But yet my hopes are confident, that they
Cannot but give thy worth a branch of Bay,
Though not a Lawrell, which ſlow-paced Time
Shall bring, and humbly offer at thy Shrine.

H. Daviſon.

To

To his friend *Iohn Tatham* Gent. *upon his* Fancies Theater.

THou didſt not meane thy *Theater* ſho'd be
Common (though publique) to th'Obliquity
Of ev'ry duller eye: 'Tis rais'd too neere,
(Propt by thy Fancies *Atlas*) to the ſphere
Of pureſt wit, which the dull ſonnes of Earth
(Sho'd they afflict the Univerſe with dearth
Of Ignorance and Envie, pile it up
In envious heapes for their aſcent to crop
Thy Bayes) can ne're aſpire to: Attempt they may,
And paſſe our duller ayre; But the cleare Ray
Of thy bright worth appearing, will deprive
Their terrified ſoule of ſence; deceive
Their hopes through their own ruine. And what they have
Now for their ſteps, anon ſhall be their grave,
Preſt by the weight of Ignorance: But then
Their guilty bluſhing ſhame ſhall riſe agen
To ſcornfull memory, whoſe black name ſhall give
More luſtre to thy praiſes, to ſurvive
'Till Time hath loſt himſelfe: And this great All
Be brought to its confuſed Funerall.
Paſſe not a *Zoyliſts* envie, ſince th'aſt knowne
Thy cenſure through their breath, whoſe pleaſure none,

Can without ſacriledge diſpute. But if
Thy fearefull ſoule cannot retaine beliefe
Of ſafety, *Ioue* ſhall to ſecure thy feare,
Diſplace his Bird from's boſome-neſt, and there
Harbour thy Muſe: But what injuſtice can
Refuſe the God's, and take the word of Man,
Th'aſt had a Jury of Immortalls, that
Have given their cenſure: finde not guilty; what
Bold Heav'n-contemners then dare contradict,
When the Divine Vote's publiſh their Edict?
The *Daphnean* Bay graſpt by the Froſt's cold hand,
Doth grow more freſhly greene; thy Muſe ſhall ſtand
As firme 'gainſt Envies ſtorme, till Fame ſhall be
Proud to record thy ſtill greene memory.

James Jones.

Vpon

Vpon his Dreame and Cenſure of the Gods.

AND canſt thou dreame ſo well? then never wake,
Unleſſe it be that ſo thou may'ſt pertake
The reall ſubſtance of thy thoughts, and then
Thou'lt make a ſubject for the rareſt Pen
To treat on: But having at a venture
Invok'd th'Immortals for to have their cenſure
Upon thy Fate; *Sol* ſooner ſhall ſtand ſtill,
And fire the Orbs, but thou ſhalt hate thy will.

H. Daviſon.

To his friend M. *Io. Tatham* on his *Fancies Theater.*

WHen I beheld and view'd each sev'rall line
Appearing a full fraughted Magazine
Of choyce conceits; such as our Fancies now
(Diff'ring from what they were) must needs allow:
How sweet and how delici'ous to the taste:
How pleasing to the eye, how trim'd, how chaste;
And where thy Fancy hits upon a crime,
Thy Verse doth mask it, suting with the Time;
How eloquent thou art, how thine owne phrase
Becomes an Orator, and tells thy praise;
The faults I found were few, the greatest was
(And yet for some knowne reasons it may passe)
Where thou do'st court thy Mistris, and doth wipe
Each word with gold, enough for to invite
All eyes, all hearts; our greatest feare was, wee
Should suffer by th'inchanting Orat'ry.
I know thy Muse is chaste, and will not strive,
T'attract all Beauties to her pleasing hive.
My wishes bid goe on, and may thy Rime
Flourish beyond the utmost date of Time.

William Barnes.

On

On the Author of the *Fancies Theater.*

AMongſt the reſt, Friend *Tatham*, I am come,
To doe thy *Fancies* right, and quit the ſumme
I ſtand engag'd for: ſince my forward youth
Sign'd *Love* a Bond, for currant Coyne of Truth,
To pay at ſeverall times, the world ſhall be
Thy Secretarie; and take this truth from me,
In all thy Shop of *Fancies*, not a Line
(I emulate thee ſo) but I wiſh mine;
'Twill be ſufficient portion for thy Name
To live by; for *Times* Treaſurer, wing'd *Fame*,
Shall, as thy worth deſerves, ſpeake thee as high
As any fill'd her Trump with Poeſie.

Tho. Rawlins.

To

To his friend M. *Iohn Tatham*, *upon his* Fancies Theater.

MY *Muſe* compoſed more of love than fire,
Would ſpare her Pen, and ſilently admire
Thy worth, which her expreſſions cannot rayſe,
Unleſſe ſhe borrow thine owne ſtile and phraſe,
And from thy proper heapes purloyne a ſtore,
Which payes one debt to make a thouſand more;
Did not thy friendſhip and thy ſacred merit
Conjure up flames even in a frozen ſpirit.
Though laſt in number, thinke me not the leaſt,
I thought as much as all thy Friends expreſt;
But our ſincere deſires ſuffer much wrong,
Since the ſad diff'rence 'twixt the heart and tongue;
My thoughts ſoare high, though my expreſſion's weake,
True friends think out their tale, when others ſpeake.
Yet write I this not for peculiar ends,
To caſt aſperſion on your other friends;
I in that Conſort jointly doe preferre
My off'ring to thy *Fancies Theater.*

An. Newport.

To his friend the Author, on his *Fancies Theater.*

DEare friend, my infant *Muſe* will bee
Obſcur'd, when as the Readers ſee
Thy am'rous ſtraines, and thou'lt be found
To be with greater glory crown'd
By my weake Lines, which to thy prayſe
Affords a Coronet of Bayes.
In this I am thy friend, to bee
Thy foile, that plainely men may ſee
Thy greater luſtre, and may ſpend
Their Cenſures gently on thy friend.

R. Pynder.

To

To his friend the Author.

HAd I *Chapmans* Line or Learning, *Iohnſons* Art,
Fletchers more accurate Fancie, or that part
Of *Beaumont* that's divine, *Dun's* profound skill,
Making good Verſes live, and damning ill:
I then would prayſe thy Verſes, which ſho'd laſt
Whil'ſt *Time* ha's ſands to run, or *Fame* a blaſt.
But I've a Braine ſo dull, that though I beat
The Anvill ne're ſo oft, there's nought but ſweat
And emptie vapours crowne my long loſt paine.
I write, 'tis bad, diſlik't, rub't out againe;
And in this ſerious folly I abuſe
The patience of my Lamp, my Oyle I looſe;
Nor is it fit, that each unworthy Line
Sho'd court the light, but onely ſuch as thine.
Then ſince I cannot write what I deſire,
May thine for ever live, mine's for the fire.

W. Ling.

---

21 *Aprilis*, 1640.

Imprimatur,

JOHANNES HANSLEY.

A DIALOGVE betweene *Momus*, *Tyme*, and the *Author*.

Momus.

HOw now presumpt'ous Lad, think'st thou that wee
Will be disturb'd with this thy Infancie
Of wit:——
Or doe's thy am'rous thoughts beget a flame
(Beyond it's merit) for to court the name
Of Poet; or is't common nowladayes
Such slender wits dare clayme such things as Bayes:
Or doe's thy sickly Fancie think to get
Some foole to be enamour'd on thy wit?
Thy reason, prythee, why, ambitious Boy,
Thou do'st present the world with such a toy;
Yet giv'st it such a title, that 'twere sin
To view the outside, and not looke within;
The *Fancies Theater*, a Title wee
Dust ne're assume to reach, much lesse for thee:

It is the very Prologue, to invite
A Puritan to covet for it's ſight.
And then agen I wonder, what mad vaine
Did prompt thy Fancie, to preſent a ſtraine
(So farre unworthy) to ſo bright an eye,
Where all deſerts and true perfections lye.
When I behold his name, me thinks I ſee
Phœbus himſelfe, the God of Poeſie,
—By whoſe judicious eye deſerts ſhall live,—
And ſpight of killing Envie, ſhall ſurvive.
I ſhould miſtruſt my ſelfe, ſhould I but think
His judgement will at thee connive, or wink;
To him, forgetfull Lad, durſt thou preſent
Theſe weak conceits; or was it to prevent
Our raſher cenſure; thinking thou might'ſt ſing
At peace, once ſhelter'd underneath his wing?
I laugh to ſee thy follyes, yet I ſweare
I heartily could wiſh thy Fancies were
Such as might well deſerve him; for, know, I
Doe envie at thy bleſt proſperity.
Is not the world cram'd full of wits? why then
Should'ſt thou be favour'd thus above thoſe men,
Whoſe high and rare deſerts, doth clayme to be
The Kingdomes beſt and richeſt Treaſurie?
Yet all their fortunes, and their merits, they
Would levell at his feet; and, well they may.

Tyme.

IT is confeſt, that *Tyme's* old age could yet
Ne're glory in a world, ſo full of wit,

Nor was his ſnowy haires crown'd with delight
Of ſweeter choycer Raptures, ſuch as might
(Like *gold-tongu'd Orpheus*) make ſtones follow men:
Their Verſe extinct, Stones propagate agen,
And though the world doth boaſt of ſuch, yet wee
Doe finde it ſtayn'd with baſe impiety;
Such as thy ſelfe proud *Momus*, that do'ſt ſtrive
To damne young wits, to keepe thine owne alive.
Tyme muſt amend this fault I ſay, unleſſe
The world is weary of the bigge ſwolne Preſſe,
And her deliverings; When our Wits are dead,
Shall only their great Names be regiſtred,
And not their works; or ſhall not th'Muſes heires
Encreaſe and multiply as *Tyme*, and *Yeares*?
For now adayes our younger wits are quite
Diſheartned by the venome of thy ſpight;
Whoſe baſe detraction would have none to be
Inroll'd within the Liſt of Poetry,
But of thy Sect; whoſe numbers ſtill encreaſe,
Belching out foule-mouth'd words, deriſion's eaſe;
For could your Sect make what you'd mend, 'twere well,
'Tis better prate than doe: But let me tell
The world my humour, though I've often bin
Taxt as being guilty of this Critick ſin,
In giving leave to your prophane intent,
(A thing Heav'n knows, my judgment never ment)
I doe proteſt, though Opportunity
You have engroſs'd and brib'd, yet, 'twas not I.
I hate thy doings, ſo I'le henceforth be
A ſcorner of thy baſe diſhoneſty.
Is it not time that *Tyme* ſhould urge the ayre
Of ſuch groſſe putrefaction, and repaire

The almoſt loſt deſerts of many, which
Dare not preſume their ſences to enrich
With the Divine inſtinct of Poeſie:
Fearing thy Carping and thy Blaſphemy.
There cannot now a Rapture be put forth;
But thou detract'ſt the ſubſtance of their worth.
Is thy wit rare, or do'ſt thou think there's none
Can equalize thy Fancies, but thine owne?
Miſguided ſelfe-conceited Idiots, ſee,
But your owne ignorance and ſimplicity;
And then you'l yeeld 'tis better mend, than make;
This without Bribe, or favour, I have ſpake
For him whoſe wit's (as yet) but rawe, till *Time*
And yeares hath taught him higher for to climbe.
Then forward (*Youth*) let not the Criticks eye
Be th'cauſe to ſtay thy ingenuity.

Author.

LEt me firſt crave from thee gray-headed *Time*,
Thy abſolution, e're I put my Rime
To be a Courtier in the wanton ayre;
Making their Progreſſe to each witty faire.
And courteous Miſtris, unto whoſe white hand
I wiſh them happy journey, while I ſtand
Devoted for their ſervice: I have beene
Too, too, too prodigall, and have not ſeene
My errors: but have wilfully run on,
As Steward to ſome liberall Gentleman?
Where I have beene too laviſh, and have ſpent
What was my Maſters, freely to me lent.

And

And though the Steward hath but little now
Left for to ſhew his Maſter, yet *I* vow
I have ſome remnants left, although they be
But ſhreds to what I might have gain'd from thee.
If I have us'd thee ill, I'le be thy Slave,
And henceforth dote on nothing but my grave.
Yet let me thus much tell thee; my deſire
Ne're kindled from a baſe ambitious fire
Of an applauſe, though carping *Momus* hee
Murmurs, and bites my Title Page and mee.
I have obſerv'd his envie, and I ſay,
I doe not this in hope to get a pay,
Reward, or ſuch baſe mercenary gaine;
Let them that gape for't, have it for their paine.
I will not ſell that little mite of wit,
If ſo (without offence) I dare terme it,
At any rate; Nor doe I care the while,
If at the Title they doe lend a ſmile;
I willingly would pleaſe them, yet if they
Will not be pleas'd, I weigh not what they ſay.
My Title *Momus*, let me tell thee true,
Is for to pleaſe my ſelfe, not to pleaſe you.
Nor doe I ſtrive to gaine a Poets name;
A title my weak ſoule durſt never ayme
To court at; For, I may as ſoone aſpire,
To kiſſe the Sunne, as warme me at that fire.
To end expoſtulation, thus much know,
What my deſerts can merit, I doe owe
To him whoſe kinde acceptance makes me bleſt,
Lifting me higher than the Eagles neſt.
And if my wit encreaſe (as yeares in me)
I ſhall aſpire no higher than to be

Accounted as his Servant; and will lay
My off'rings at his feet as well as they,
Whom you alledge deserv'd him better; why?
They can but give their store, and so will I.
Then why should you as canker'd, so deject
That, which his wisedome's pleas'd with to protect:
But I'le not barre your custome, for 'tis knowne
You will detract all Writings but your owne.

To the truly worthy and his much honoured faiend, Sir Edward Savage.

HOw some will erre in making that seeme good,
Scarce ha's allowance to be understood!
Honor consists in *Vertues*, nor is't fit
Each worthlesse faune should clayme a share in wit.
It wrongs the Poets *Genius*, whose pure fire
Will suffer no privation, when the Quire
Of Fancy-propping Muses does distill
The oyly-drops of merit from the hill
Of Noble-worth, to tell the erring sence
Of credulous Man, that Truths preheminence
Keepes no alliance with such motions, tends
To soothing flattery, the bad Mans friends.
And to that end sends me Ambassador,
To make the world acquainted what you are:
With vowes unfained, Noble Sir, y'are one,
That shares on Natures distribution.

And I would say, but that your modest eares
Are wool'd 'gainst your own praises, though't appeares
Roab'd in reality itselfe, you can
Distinguish 'twixt the best and worst of Man:
One who may clayme the Attributes of wise,
Noble, and courteous, and from these does rise
The living Emblems, Charity and Love,
The Orbs by which each faculty does move,
That claymes a being in you. You appeare
The spacious blisse where Vertue keepes her Spheare,
In a sweet temp'rature; the thought of Pride
(As *Omen* to your Vertues) you deride,
Exiled from that bosome which inherits
The uncorrupted wishes to your merits.
May health still crowne you with felicity,
Till you desire to change Mortality,
For th'reserved blisse in *Elizium*,
When as your Dove-like expirations come.
And may your better part transferred be
Into a constellatious Soveraignty:
While Vertues-Lovers *Requiems* sing, and I
Have vitall motion, study for the tye
Of your devoted Servant.

A Newyeares gift to Clarinda.

FAshions are now adayes so often us'd,
That meanest Peasants have the same abus'd.
Each servile creature can command their Rings,
Gloves, or the like, (such base mechanick things)

Reaſon muſt guide you then; ſuch toyes as thoſe
Are ſubject ſtill to loſing; Ile repoſe
More confidence in you, and will impart
A farre tranſcendent Gift, my loyall Heart:
Embrace it then, and let no envious fate
Croſſe our united loves, nor derogate
From what you former were; ſuch Gifts as this
Deſerve the keeping, nay, ſome future bliſſe.

Vpon an old rich Woman in love with a young Gentleman.

MOre rich than wiſe, and yet more wiſe than faire,
Yeares adde grey Trophies to enrich thy haire;
Rather than live to love, die with deſpaire.

When as ſad Comets in the Skies appeare,
Some ſtrange diſaſter then approacheth neere,
Which in our doubtfull Soules begets a feare.

Thy Noſe is that diſaſter; for, in thee,
No leſſe than thouſand Comets we may ſee,
As ſymptomes to enſuing miſerie.

Below thy Noſe, a Hill we may deſcry,
Darkning the light appearing from thy eye,
Within that hollow Concave where they lye.

Eye, Noſe, and Chin, ſince you in darkneſſe be,
Premeditate before you viſit me,
And rayſe young Cynders to your Venerie.

And

And in Nights ſhade meet with your ſhadow, where
Some *Incubus* by chance may get an heire,
Making the World accurſt with ſuch a paire.

Or if thy wither'd Hand (begot by *Time*)
Should with thy Eye, Noſe, Chin, and Face combine,
Without diſcordant, for to make me thine:

Know gumleſſe-wooer that diſeaſes thirſt,
To ſeize thy hand, where th'Apoplexy muſt
Bring thee e're long, unto thy neighbours duſt.

Or if thy wither'd thigh deſires to know
The ſweet contents that in our Youth doe flow,
Convert a teare into a flood below.

So may ſome Cripple wanting Almes, ſupply,
Thy al-moſt deſperate neceſſity:
And pleaſe both noſe, gums, chin, thigh, hands, & eye.

Covet no more when that you are ſo ſped
Nor dye your cheeks with colour from your bed,
Since afore th'Ark you loſt your Maydenhead.

The Superſcription of a Letter ſent to Clarinda.

FRom my Maſter here I'm come,
To embrace your Martyrdome.

Let no other hand come neere me,
You alone have power to teare me.
If you like not what's within,
Then your frownes may purge my sin:
But if he or I can please,
Friendly let me rest at ease.

The Letter.

GOe pale-fac't Paper to my Deare,
And whisper this into her eare:
Though I absent am, yet shee
Keeping thee, embraces mee.
Let no rude hand dare to touch thee,
Care not though a thousand grutch thee
Of that blisse which in her Hive
Thou enjoy'st till I arrive,
And be sure thou do'st not flye
From the glances of her eye.
Where she goes, be thou about her,
Gad not thou abroad without her;
Nor let any dare to see
What's betweene my Love and thee.
Nay, and when she chance to sleepe,
Gently to her Bosome creepe,
Where I charge thee, rest till shee,
With her kisses waken thee.
Goe and prosper for a space,
Till I rob thee of thy place.

To Clarinda.

PRetty Wanton, prythee say,
Did you see my Heart to day?
Marks to know it, you shall finde
Alwayes constant, true, and kinde;
Wounds about it, it doth beare,
Drops are trickling here, and there,
In which wound you'l finde, a Dart
Shot by you into my hart,
If you saw it; doe not blush,
Th'wounds are fresh, and blood will gush
Into your face, and you be knowne,
To covet more than is your owne.
Send it back, but let it bee
Sound as when it came to thee.
Doe not think for to deny it;
These are tokens will discry it.
How can I subsist and live,
When my owne you will not give?
Yet if you will send to me,
Yours in faire exchange, I'le be
Mute, and not report that I
Suffer by your cruelty.
Then I prythee let me know,
If you will exchange, or no.

In

In praiſe of Sack.

TO write thy prayſe, let ev'ry Poets Quill
Flow with ſweet Dew, ſuckt from *Parnaſſus* Hill.
Sack, I adore thee; nay, the Muſes nine
Count thee the Fabrick of their heav'nly Chime:
And in their choice Inventions ſtrive to gaine
Thy liking, ere the World peruſe a ſtraine.
Aged thou art, by which thou do'ſt poſſeſſe
Of Noble Spirits, Poets numberleſſe:
And to thy Ciſtern's head doe all reſort,
Admire thee, as they doe admire the Court.
The very Children, ere they ſcarce can ſay
Their *Pater-Noſter*, or their Chriſt-Croſſe *A*,
Will to their Parents prattle, and deſire
To taſt that Drinke, which Gods doe ſo admire:
So by degrees, ere *Time* can count their yeares,
Thy ſtrength doth make them *Ovids* wittie heires.

To Clarinda, *walking with her in his Garden.*

SAy, my *Clarinda*, is the Roſe
Not prowd to have thy ſweet repoſe,
Since they derive their dye from thoſe,

Thoſe precious Colours, Red and White,
Dwell in thy Cheekes, may Gods invite
To feed, not ſurfet with delight,

'Twere

'Twere ſinne, *Clarinda*, to beleeve,
From thee they could ſuch harme receive;
Yet ſhould they, thou canſt Cordials give.

Say, my *Clarinda*, why the Aire
Appeares thus freſh, ſoft, clearely faire,
Yet cloudie Vapours yonder are?

Why does the injur'd *Philomell*
Hither retire, her moane to tell,
Yet Wood-men want her dolefull knell?

Why does ſhe alter now her Vote,
Purging the Quinzie in her throat,
Payes ſorrow with a pleaſing note?

Why Violets in Purple dreſt,
The Damask thus the Roſe inveſt,
Whoſe perfum'd Mantles grace the Eaſt?

Why doe the humble Pebbles riſe
Like Opals, to out-brave the Skies,
And *Iris* various Clouds deſpiſe?

Tell me, *Clarinda*, why the Sun
Is ſet before his courſe is run,
Readie to fire his Region?

And why does his beloved Flower
Forget her Cue, her time and houre,
And ſhuts not, when he ſhewes his power?

Each ſpicie Child, whoſe criſped Bed
Intwines the Earths Spring Maidenhead,
Are bleſt, in kiſſing where you tread.

Or why does every thing beſide,
That's good, in this ſmall place abide,
When other Gardens want ſuch pride?

'Tis thou, *Clarinda*, mak'ſt this place
So fertile glorious; when you pace
This Walke, each Evill ſhuns your Chaſe.

When you appeare, th'amorous Ayre
With modeſt breath ſalutes your hayre,
And whiſpers out their zeale in prayer.

The Nightingale confines her woe,
And gives mirth libertie to goe,
As Ecchoes to your Beds of Snow.

The Violet, Roſe, and Pebbles have
No other Liveries than you gave,
Yet ſuch as may the World out-brave.

The Sunne does melt to ſee thy face,
The perfect Modell of pure Grace;
H'ad rather burne than mend his pace.

The Marigold knowes none but thee,
To whom ſhe owes obſervancie,
Opens and ſhuts at your bright eye.

Though now this place is trim and fine,
When you depart, all will decline,
And others seeme more rich than mine.

Oh then! *Clarinda*, stay and bring
Night into Day, the Winter, Spring;
We need not then a Wintering.

Clarinda *described.*

Clarinda! Oh, that very Name
Includes such worth, that he but dares
Without a Reverence speake the same,
Commits a sinne his teares and prayers
Can ne're wash off: it is so foule,
'Tis her pure sighs must cleanse his Soule.

Who sayes, that *Leda's* Swan is white,
Or sweetnesse dwels in *Hybla's* Trees,
Or Roses balmie breath delight
The Pallats of the active Bees,
Deceives himselfe; they all appeare
Not worth our thoughts, *Clarinda* neere.

Her Haire our Appetites entice,
Her Front a Mount of bleached Snow,
Her Eyes are Natures Paradice,
Her Lips are Mines where Rubies grow:
Her Breath perfumes the chequer'd fields,
They have no sweet, but what she yeelds.

Her Neck the poliſht Ivorie weares,
Her Breſts the Valleys of Deſire.
When Love cuts through the circled Spheares,
There lights, to coole the ſcorching fire
His Breſt receiv'd from her: whoſe art
Without his ayd can ſmite a Hart.

In every part ſhe is moſt rare,
All good in her contracted is,
Nature's whole ſtock's envolv'd in her,
Th'Epitome of heavenly bliſſe;
Her Voice can ſtay the hand of Fate,
Her Smiles young *Cupids* can create.

Her ex'lence Metaphyſicall,
Partakes not of old Natures ſtamps,
For ſhe is ſupernaturall,
Her Luminaries, Heavens Lamps:
I will conclude, ſhee's all divine,
For elſe I ne're had writ her mine.

On Clalinda *ſmiling.*

HAve you beheld the Orient Sunne appeare,
Caſting his ſplendour to each neighb'ring Spheare?
When cold-blood Winter copulated Ice,
Congeal'd a Froſt, cov'ring each Bough with Spice
As white as Winters hayres; how he diſplayes
His youthfull heat, auſpicious to his Rayes;

How

How each tree melts, or to a jelly turnes ;
Such was *Clarinda's* ſmile, that ever burnes,
And melts my yeelding *Heart*, that I till now
Cloyſter'd with Ice, could not of heat allow.

A Contemplation of Liberty and Love.

VVHat is that freedome which men call
A bleſſednesſe toſport withall :
Or what thoſe joyes which Lovers deeme,
To equalize their beſt eſteeme,
I long to know, that *I* may ſee,
The diff'rence 'twixt thoſe joyes and me.

Reſponſio.

THen know, Loves joyes are ſuch as ſtill
Are ſubject to Fates ſupreme will.
And every howre the Lover findes
Croſſe friends, croſſe ſtarres, and croſſer windes.
Till Seas grow calme, and we arrive
At Loves eternall peacefull Hive.
If Patience then may bring me eaſe,
Swell bigg a while you boyſt'rous Seas.

Vpon the hinderance of meeting by raine, sent to his friend
Mr. W. B.

WHen last we did encounter with the GLOBE,
The Heav'ns was pleas'd to grace us with his robe
Of settled motions; but *Aquarius*, hee,
Like an ambitious Churle, disdaines that wee
Should have another meeting; *Bacchus* smilde,
But not prevail'd, because an Infant childe:
Nor could we get a *Venus* to embrace,
Mars strives to keepe them back, and hold them chace.
Jove stamps, *Apollo* frownes, th'Heavens all o're,
Seeme as contentious, and are in uprore.
Mercury doth seeme to clogg his feather'd heeles,
With weighty lead; in stead of flying, reeles
Into great *Taurus* center, the BULL-HEAD,
Where, with dull Claret we our sences fed,
Delaying time, till the roboyst'rous raine
Ceas'd its unmatched course, then up againe
To walk; th'Heavens not yet appeas'd, cast downe
Their utmost Envy in that flood to drowne
Our then expected hopes, in that poore wee
Were forc'd to keepe our center, not to flye.
Great *Bishopsgate* can witnesse in what houre,
We did arrive within its hapleſse Bowre.
The Gods did seeme thus angry, thinking wee
Should by our mirth consume their Treasury.

What's

What's best to doe? wee must not now contend
Against their power, and so farewell my friend.

Vpon Inconstancie.

INconstancie, how chance that thou of late,
Art growne the chiefest Minion to my *Kate?*
Could your ambition finde no other roome,
Or secret place, but make her brest your Tomb
Of ayrie motions, filling so each veyne
With swelling pleasures mixt with base disdaine:
That now there's not a corner scarce left free,
To lodge a thought of hidden secrecie?
Hence thou insatiate Monster, Lovers hate.
The Commons envy, and the scorne of th'State;
Get thee to Court, use there thy tyranny:
Let Lovers sports alone; base Infamy,
Think not to harbour in a brest so faire;
I banish thee, and doe conjure thee, ne're
Usurp that center yeelds us such delight:
But usher thou th'obscure and darkned night
Of ever gnawing conscience, in such soules
Whose base and impure actions, still controules
Their pale-cheek'd Lovers, on whose fickle state,
Dispaire and horror doth attend and wait.
Goe base Neglect, and scorne, presume no more
T'assayle those Vertues, that her choycest store
Shee may impart to me; if thou be thence,
I know I shall not want her excellence.

Vpon Clarinda's *comming to Towne, and departure.*

NOW comes the pride of Earth, the glorious Spring;
And *Philomel*, to welcome her, doth ſing.
The pretty birds doe play,
And make a Holyday.
And I with them preſent my offering:
Th'*Arabian* Bird preſents to her, her kinde,
Ne're ſeene before; on whoſe ſweet face, the winde
Suckt in his breath
For feare of death;
And *Phœbus* in his Majeſtie then ſhinde:
And on her head caſt his perfumes: but they,
As farre unworthy, to her breathgive way.
The odours which
The World enrich,
Did to her breath their choyſeſt ſents convey;
The Queene of Love aſham'd, did hide her head,
And *Cynthia* in a cloud bemuffeled,
Did murmur there,
And in her Spheare
Waxt pale to ſee her lips and cheekes ſo red.
The humble Pebbles where her feet did lite,
Were ſtraight made Jacinths, Saphires, Rubies bright,
Who wantonly did kiſſe
At ſuch a change as this.
And bleſt the comming of this glorious light.

If any Objects pleas'd her, with a glance
They should be Mynes of Dyamonds; but Chance
The fickle Goddesse would not be
Propitious to our hopes, 'cause wee
Shee fear'd, with her, might out-vye *Spaine* and *France*:
Nay, both the *Indies*: None need plough the Seas
To purchase wealth with toyle; for, here with ease
They might obtaine
A world of gaine,
Had she but writ in smiles to them, *I please*.
But oh! shee's gone, and ev'ry thing has now
His courser Nature on; Winters rough brow,
And *Boreas* blast
With envious hast
Rends ev'ry tree, dis-leaves each twigge and bough;
The *Phœnix* too retir'd unto her nest,
And pining for her absence, pierc't her brest
With sighes, and di'd,
Left none beside
Clarinda, with her worth to be possest.

On the first leafe of a Psalme-Booke presented to Clarinda.

TO her faire hand I this direct;
Good Angels guide, and her protect
That keepes my heart; O, may shee be
But touch'd with flames of Love, like me!

Another vacant leafe in the same Booke.

SHine little Booke, more glorious than the Sunne,
In her faire heart that hath thy Masters wonne:
May'st thou procure in her relenting teares,
To pitty him whose thoughts breed naught but feares.
I know that thou hast power enough, and Art
To wound, rewound, and cure a wounded hart.
Thou art her chiefe delight, whose vertuous minde,
To study thee from childhood hath enclinde:
Tell her thy Master sent thee, for that shee
Might think on him, by often reading thee.

To Clarinda, *walking with her in the night in a Wood or Grove, she being fearefull.*

FEare not *Clarinda*, though th'emulous Night,
Doubting his forked Queene should loose her light,
Retires behind a Cloud; horne-mad to see,
Her glorious lamps extinguished by thee.
Yet did she know the good shee might embrace
At her full rising, on her mealy face
(Viewing thy exquisite beauty) wou'd be drawne
Mantles of crimson blushes, t'grace the lawne
Of her complexion, till the angry Morne,
Growne pale with Envy, sues they may adorne
Her cheekes.—

But th'pride of Heav'n's ecclips'd, this peacefull Grove
Enjoyes their *Cynthia*, ev'ry ſtarre does move
(As your attendants.) Here, what need I crave
Twy-light from Heav'n, that ſuch a Guider have?
Doe you not ſee each harmleſſe creature hies
With early haſte to view thoſe Radiant eies,
As Heav'ns bright Tapers? th'active Fayries doe
Trip from their Glo-worme, and reſort to you:
But having ſeene you, vaniſh, thinking day
Was ſent their tardy errors to betray;
Repine, and dye for anger. Th'*Naiades*
Seeing themſelves ſurpaſt in Beauty, pleaſe
Their Fancies with adoring you, deſire
No greater bliſſe, than warmth from your pure fire.
Why weepes my deare *Clarinda?* here is none
Dare injure thy knowne pur'ty, th'art alone
In naught but ſingularity; See, The skyes
Offer their ſtock of teares, to ſave thy eyes.
Mix not thine, with corruption; they can be
No leſſe (my Faire) 'till purifi'd by thee.
Each teare that falls from that cœleſtiall fount,
Is of more price, than *Cræſus* wealth can mount
To by Arithmetick; 'tis of that ſtore,
One drop will buy the world when it growes poore.
See, they have left with thee, ambitious raine,
To watch thy opportunity to gaine
Such undeſerved happineſſe. I'le ſeeke
Anon for ev'ry pearle upon thy cheeke:
There ſhall not one be loſt; each tree does ſhake
Their ſappy heads; drops falling downe doe take
Hold with thy breath, compounded *Nectar's* made,
Which by *Favonian* winds is ſtraight convey'd

To *Joves* Emperial Palace; to the brink
They fill their Bowles, and Healths about they drink
To us, and our ſucceſſe; the blinking Boy
Recovering ſight by thee, is drunk for joy,
And vowes unto his Mother, and the reſt,
To build his Paradiſe upon thy breſt;
So proves my Rivall: but, I know, thy might
Has power to blinde him; as thou gav'ſt him ſight,
So drowne his expectation in the flood
Of the incenſed Juſtice of the good.
The Graces waite for thee; and Cedars now,
As you paſt by, their lofty tops they bow,
To doe you reverence, while yon ſooty Hall
Stayes your approach to guild it, then it ſhall
Reſemble heaven for brightneſſe. Fancie die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt be an Hyperboly.

To Clarinda *ſinging and playing on the Lute, ſhee being baſhfull upon the ſight of him.*

BLuſh not *Clarinda*, though my ſences ſteale
Upon thy modeſty; I prythee ſeale
My welcome with a ſmile. Oh! ſtop not Sweet,
Let once againe thy ayre and fingers meet
In bleſt contention; I proteſt, my eares
Were rapt into attention, and the Spheares
Wantonly tript to heare 'em; ſure, there lyes
Some power 'bove Magick in thoſe Star-like eyes;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſwift purſuit gives life unto each ſtring,
T'obey the touch of thy ſoft fingering.
The amorous courdage of thy Lute convayes,
Unto the Heav'ns ſuch Harmony, that ſtayes
The Planets to admire it: But thy breath
Deſpight of Nature, can enlive pale death.
Sing then *Clarinda*, raviſh evry ſence,
With the choyſe concord of thy excellence.
Out-doe the Lybian Harper, touch thy Lute,
And doome the world to ſilence, Angels mute,
While thou chaunt'ſt Madrigals, whoſe flight may tell
The world th'art Heavens only miracle;
For that the Earth till now has never bin
Poſſeſt of ſuch a glorious Seraphin.
Oh happy roome that has atchived more
Grace by her voyce, than e're thou knew'ſt before,
Or thy firſt Maſter hop'd for; ſhee has made
Thee by her preſence an *Elizian* ſhade.
The dumb Effigies dance, and th'hangings doe
Shake off their gravity, and congie to
The motion of your body (which till now
Made gray with ſorrow, wore a ſullen brow)
And youthfully doe move; my faire One, ſee,
Thy power's above the reach of Poetry,
Or Art, or Fancie; live to cure the world
Of Lethargies, and when curſt clouds are hurld,
T'oppres't——
Send forth thy breath; 'twill purifie the ayre
From Plagues infection, full, as well as prayer.

An excusive Letter made by the Author, for a friend of his to his Father.

AS one who having rob'd, fearing no Law,
Till hue and cry assaults him, and doth draw
Perforce his body to the Gaole, where long
Enduring all extreames, at last is stung
With some remorce of conscience, doth relent
His wicked life, a reform'd penitent.
He goeth farre that never back returnes,
An angry fire 'tis that ever burnes
Within the heart of man. Oh! then be pleas'd
To let your anger passe, and be appeas'd,
Though all this while, my Infant yeares did stray,
And trod the path of follies baiting way:
Though all this while I was in blindnesse led,
And all my sences unto fondnesse wed:
My unripen'd yeares had not the wit to finde
The vaine delights that still provokes the minde,
Till buying wit now at the deerest rate,
I gain'd experience through my best friends hate:
Witnesse the daily teares I shed at last,
In true repentance for my follyes past.
Then worthy Sir, your pardon let me crave;
Without your pardon I no life can have:
For better 'twere that life from body fled,
Than in your deepe disdaines lie buried.
Let my repentance plead for mine offence,
And my reformed life my innocence.

To Clarinda *upon her abſence from her window.*

FAireſt, if paſſions might expreſſe my love,
If my unfained ſighes might force beliefe:
f that my nightly watchings could but move
Your Adamatine heart, and give reliefe;
Though now I praiſe your beauty, I ſhould more,
Make you my Idoll, as my Saint adore.

Oh what unworthy actions have you ſeene?
What cauſe, or why, am I thus ſleighted now?
And held ſo little in your wont eſteeme?
Has my youth broke a ſyllable, or vow
Which once I willing made? ſpeake, and be ſure,
To finde a ſpotleſſe heart, as chaſte, as pure.

Why ſhould you now withdraw that heav'nly light,
Which ſtruck amazement in each living creature?
The luſtre of your beauty from my ſight;
A grace beſtow'd on you, by choyce dame Nature.
You are her only choyce, O prythee why
Should'ſt thou thus derogate, to let me dye?

Was it becauſe my longing eyes did ſtill
Covet to view thy beauty ev'ry day,
Glutting with ſurfets, yet had not it's fill,
But begs a pleaſing ſmile, and then away,
Leaving behinde a heart ſo full of woe,
That I could better ſtay than thence to goe?

Or

Or was't becauſe my love to thee was ſuch,
That I each minute ſet thy prayſes forth;
And never thinking that I lov'd too much
A ſoule of ſuch rare beautie, and pure worth,
Hoping at laſt to purchaſe ſuch a prize,
That ſhould *Iove* ſee, he might eternalize?

To Clarinda, *having had no anſwer to the former Letter.*

NOt yet an anſwer! ha's your well-tun'd Muſe
Forſooke her pleaſing Pamphlets, and refuſe
To grace me, as the ſubject of her Verſe?
Or doe you pleaſe to keepe 'em for my Herſe;
Thinking your ſtudies (whil'ſt living) were ill ſpent,
Unleſſe in jeſting ſort and merriment?
Not as a ſolid Lover, but as one
Who ne're fetcht ſighs, ſhed teares, or lent a groane,
Which I, poore I, have done. Oh, why ha's Heaven
Grac'd you with ſuch a feature, and not given
A correſpondent heart? or, if it be
That you retaine your *Lyrick* Verſe for me,
To grace my ſable Herſe; I'le pray no more;
You need not, Lovers ſhall my caſe deplore;
Such as have knowne what 'tis to loſe a heart,
They, they ſhall pitie me, and beare a part.
And if thy ſtudies be to ſuch an end,
Live happy, and embrace another friend,
Whom you can fancie better, while poore I
In peace forſake this Earths mortality.

To Fortune.

GReat Queene of Mutabilitie, to thee
I ſend my Votes; nor beg I ſmiles from thee;
My low and humble thoughts ſhall ne're aſpire
To climbe unto an Earledome, or Empire;
Nor are they ſweld with ſtrong Ambition ſo,
To beg a Lordſhip, or thy favours: no;
Since begging is ſo uſefull, I'le forbeare
To beg, leſt whipping fall unto my ſhare.
I will not aske thee any thing, but what
Thou canſt not give, that onely is my lot.
Firſt, I wo'd have from thee thy maſſie ſtore,
Whereby I may extend it to the poore;
Nor ſho'd it court your fawning Paraſite,
Or kiſſe rich *Dives* wealth, that's infinite.
Give me thy eyes, and with thy eyes I'le ſee,
To give deſert its due, ſcorne flatterie.
But thou art blind, they ſay, and do'ſt not know
On what, or whom thou do'ſt thy wealth beſtow.
Thy judgement rather than thy eyes are blind,
In my opinion, elſe thou couldſt not find
Such ominous diſtinctions 'twixt true worth
And dunghill Doublets, muskt and ſented forth:
The Gallants Feather, and his tatling Spurre,
The Citie Miſer wrapt in's Neighbours Furre,
The Countrey-dolthead Mungrell brought to Land,
Though illegitimate, is by thy hand
Advanc'd above the ranke of Carters ſonne,
(Reſerv'd for laughter till his wealth is done)

Gulls

Gulls were ordain'd wits paſtime, 'tis their fate
To be wits ſlave, though on wits gold they bate.
How aptly thou haſt fanci'd out their Mates?
On vitious Gallants ſtill diſeaſes waites,
Accompanied with pride and infamy,
Baſe ſonne and daughter to civility.
On your ingroſſing Uſurer attends
Legions of tim'rous heart-quakes, that portends
Some eminent danger, maſqu'd with Vailes of gold,
Immur'd in dung that doth his conſcience hold.
Your plodding Country-man, whoſe ſubtill ſhift
Imploy'd to vex his neighbours by his thrift;
Continuall ſutes in Law, a Termes vexation
Conſumes more angels than a long Vacation.
His miſery's in this, his painefull evill
Can never gaine 'bove factor for the devill.
Then what are all theſe bleſt in, ſave the Ore
That guilds their lives, yet leaves their ſouls moſt poore?
Shou'd I with ſtrict ſevereneſſe uſe my skill
In the deepe ſearch of folly, wade my quill
Through pitchy Seas of Satyriſme, I might
Rip up thy parched intrals, and incite
Each ſence we maſter, to grow fat, and ſwell
With uncurb'd laughter; let my whiſpers tell,
Thou do'ſt reſide in ignorance, and braggs
Moſt in thy gorgeous veſtments, when the raggs
Of poverty's more pretious: what upholds
Thy pride but indiſcretion? Will controules
The Law of reaſon, and when theſe doe reele,
Thy ſtate is unſupported, and thy wheele
Broke in deſpight of frownes; thou canſt not ſee
(As we doe) into thine owne miſery.

Wrack not thy wealth on errors, but require
More brawny-nerv'd assistance, whose pure fire
Cohabits with true judgement; wisdome can
Envolv'd in reason, make the soule of man
Run up the Pyramids of praise, and shew
The world new wayes to honor thee. Then know
Thy choyce of Votaries; the Poet will
Practise his Arts Encomions, and distill
His rich harmonious Raptures that shall raise
A Fabrick to thy name, 'bove th'reach of praise;
Vertues white essence next in order shall,
Accompani'd with Patience, offer all
Her stock of goodnesse, and the Scholler turne
His books to Martyrs, at thy Altar burne.
Europe must needs adore thee; wonder more
To see the Scholler rich, the Miser poore.
Poets shall then disdaine the thred-bare Bride,
When silver-fac'd *Pecunia* is ally'd
To their ingenious Pockets; Oh 'twould be,
Me thinks a glorious metamorphosie.
But why am I thus passionate, and speake
Of such impossibilities, to breake
My Optick Science? Well, the world may see,
I wou'd hav't so; though Fortune lowres on mee,
No matter, use your Envie, thou shalt be
Enricht with nothing, save inconstancie.

To Clarinda *upon her inconſtancie.*

I Finde; you are no Changeling, for indeed
You can diſſemble neatly, and ſtill feed
My hopeleſſe comforts with your hearty vowes;
That neither Faith, nor Conſtancie allowes:
I bluſh to ſpeake thy weakneſſe, prythee why
Do'ſt thou make black thy tongue with perjury?
Wantons doe often uſe it, canſt thou be
A faithleſſe Wanton, and ſo faire a Shee?
I dare not ſay you love me, your reply
Will then ungently give my tongue the lye.
You are not true as I am, but ſtill prove
A ſeeming Saint, in vow'd diſſembling love.
Yet know, I love you, and would have you doe
A miracle in Woman, to be true.
What conſtancie canſt thou expect from any,
That art ſo fickle, and canſt love ſo many?
I prythee leave diſſembling, doe not gloze,
Or guild thy words with vowes, make ſilver droſſe;
Thy vowes are farre more pretious; gold to them,
Is as a Leaden Crowne to a Diadem:
Which vowes you'l uſe ſo often, that they'l be
The chiefeſt witneſſe 'gainſt thy guilt and thee.

To his much honoured friend Maſter Robert Newſteade *Gent.*

TO rank thee friend, amongſt my beſt of friends,
For thy Quotidian favours, makes amends,
In part, though not in all; and then againe,
When I conceive the fickle ſtate of men,
How ſoone their faith's extinct, how quickly gone,
Like to a thing but newly thought upon:
My feare begets a paſſion, and doth ſtrive
To hugge my friends, and keepe their names alive.

To his good friend M. H. D.

FRiend, I muſt blame thee, yet I thank thee too:
Thou haſt done that which many would not doe;
For when my lines lay open to your view,
Begot by me, yet fetch'd their breath from you,
Through your perſwaſions, and entreaty, I
Have thruſt my Rimes into the worlds wide eye,
Where I expect their cenſure, yet I ſweare,
Be't good, or bad, thou ſhalt embrace thy ſhare.
Thy verſe my Verſe to th'world doth uſher in;
Not to requite thee then 'twere held a ſin:
Nor will I be too laviſh in thy praiſe,
(Thy worth alone may gaine Poetick bayes)
All that I'le doe, if any count me rude,
Is to repell the brand, Ingratitude.

Io. Tatham.

An Ode Acroſtick-wiſe on the Vertuous Gentlewoman, Miſtris A. P.

A mongſt ſo many, whoſe deſire
L ives freſh thy goodneſſe to admire,
I doe preſent my Votes, to be
C rowned with thy Reſplendencie.
E njoy thou Beautie, whoſe deſarts
P roclaime thee Miſtris of all hearts,
V ertues bleſſing, with thoſe Graces
R aigning in their proper places,
D ayning now to wait on thee,
Y eelding to thy Soveraigntie.

A nd while the ſtarres ſhall grace the Skyes,
L ike ſparkes of light from *Cynthia's* eyes,
I mbrace more bleſſings than can bee
C aſt by Arithmetick on thee,
E nrich thy Nuptials with a Gueſt,
P roud to harbour in thy Breſt;
V *eſta* with her Virgin Crue,
R ichly deckt, to wait on you,
D evoted comes, and at your Shrine
Y ſſues forth her Offering.

A urora's ſence-delighting Flowers
L eave to deck her fragrant Bowers,
I ndeared to your ever Spring,
C ourting *Philomel* to ſing
E *nconiaſticks*, as your due,
P urchas'd by thoſe gifts which you
V ouchſaf'd to lend them, to adorne
R oſe-cheek'd and nixious-finger'd Morne;
D iſtilled Pearles from your bright eyes,
Y eelds them their Morning Sacrifice.

A nd now the Muſick of the Sphcares
L ent by you, invites all eares;
I *uventa* 'maz'd from whence it came,
C omes to meet your *Paphian* flame,
E arly brings to pleaſe your ſenſe,
P *auchaian* Fumes, rich Frankincenſe,
V eſtituted with delight,
R eſplendent as the Morning bright,
D iſ-robes her ſelfe, and leaves in truth
Y ou the onely Queene of Youth.

A *glaia*, with her Siſters two,
L ikewiſe comes to wait on you;
I njur'd Virgins to you flye,
C raving ſhelter from your eye,
E terniz'd by thoſe Bleſſings which
P reſag'd their Vertues ſhould enrich,
V niting there an ardent Zone,
R eaſon tells is you alone;
D *ryades*, with all their powers
Y ou command, and they are yours.

A rabian Phœnix needs muſt bee
L eſſe rare than Fly, compar'd to thee;
I ove in revenge, and envying mee,
C hain'd himſelfe, to dote on thee;
E mperious Love hath loſt his heart,
P retending thou haſt got his Dart;
V owes muſt be onely made to thee,
R eleaſing Loves captivitie;
D enie not your perfections true;
Y ouths Queene (and all) doth reſt in you.

A ll Beauties, Graces, Vertues bee
L ively pencil'd out in thee:
I n thy haire we may diſcrie
C haſt Love ſit in majeſtie;
E yes thou haſt, by which the Sunne
P lyes his courſe, ere day be done;
V oyce? the Nightingales ſweet throat,
R uns hoarſely to thy *Dorick* note:
D ance? did the rare *Penelope*
Y et live, ſhe needs muſt yeeld to thee.

As in the Spheare of Goodneſſe, ev'ry Sence
Hath by inſtinct in you their Reſidence.

To Philomel.

LEave *Philomel*, to make thy moane,
Tis I have cauſe to grieve alone:
Thy Woes had periods; mine muſt be
Invaded with freſh Cruelty.
The Joyes I have, are ſuch as may
Make the greene Spring a Winters day;
Or ſuch as when deſir'd, doe take
A courſe to kill, for pitty ſake.
Ceaſe then thy noyſe of woe, unleſſe
Thou'lt grieve for my unhappineſſe.

To Clarinda.

THat I did love thee, ſummon up my Vowes,
As uncorrupted witneſſes allowes
No partialitie; peruſe my truth,
Unſpotted, as th'immaculate zeale of youth,
Unfained, as the Oraſons of Saints,
Expird, as Altars Incenſe, that acquaints
Heav'n with ſincere devotion; that I did
Adore each feature, as well ſeene as hid;
Examine each particular line and phraſe
My doting fancie offer'd to thy praiſe;

That every ſmile enliven'd my dull ſence;
Search but the cuſtome of thy influence,
And it appeares in Characters of bliſſe,
No Paradiſe ſo pleaſing as a kiſſe;
That I did deeme thy poliſht Ivory brow,
A firmament, wherein twin-ſtarres allow
A greater luſtre than the pride of Heaven,
Contracted t'a full sky-light, could have given
Us Mortals. Ask the World, and then o're which
A Mount of Alabaſter does enrich
Thy ſmooth Ermin-like forehead, to thy cheekes,
The ſtock of *Flora* for a refuge ſeekes.
Thoſe Treſſes which thou wear'ſt are golden ſnares,
Though falſly ſome did nominate them haires.
The *Affrick* Coralls on thy ruby lips
Mix their perfections, and in Nuptiall skips
Trip to the Spheare-like Muſick of thy voyce
Able to charme a Seraphin; the choyce
Electrum in your neck; your azure veines
On ſnowy beds diſcypher to the Swaines
The *Tempe* of true happineſſe, when they
By my command did to'em homage pay.
I ſet thee forth in Verſe, rai s'd thee ſo high,
All ſinn'd, that breath'd thee leſſe than Deity.
My praiſes out-did Nature, thou wert then
The only ſubject for my Muſe and Pen.
The world ſhall likewiſe teſtifie; but here —
Yet wiſedome bids me ſtop: I will not ſweare,
Though I have cauſe to execrate thy faith,
Which is a bleſſing your ſexe ſeldome hath.
I will omit all raſhneſſe, only this,
Confute thy ſoule even in its hope of bliſſe.

Falſe and neglectfull Woman, hadſt thou bin
Deformed in thy perſon, as thy ſin,
I ſho'd have then abhorr'd thee, and my eyes
Perceiv'd the ſtrong infection in thee lyes.
Thou art not faire; 'twas only Fancy led
Me to *Hyperbole's*; thy cheeks once red
Colour'd by me, thy eyes, lips, hands and all,
In *Lethe* have deſerving Funerall.
Thy breath infects as killing peſtilence;
No more *Panchayan* Gums, choyce Frankincence,
Shall grace it with reſemblance; thou art
Of an Æthiopian colour ev'ry part;
Pencil'd by Shame and Infamy: thy name
Rac'd forth the Role of Conſtancy and Fame.
The world only records thy falſhood; try
If thou canſt winne me to credulity,
That thou didſt love me once, and check each tong,
For it's aſpertion 'tis no potent wrong,
Leſſe vindicated; but my faculties
Abjure thee now, though once thy Votaries,
And cannot retaine beliefe Coluſive you
Were ever reall, but in being untrue;
That only thou wert made for; elſe thy breſt
Would ne're have covetted a new impreſt:
But, like the conſtant Emerauld, have kept
Its primitive, ſtamp, and purity; falſhood ſlept
In ignorance: O yee powers, can there be
An abſolution for impiety?
If you'l decline from Juſtice, then you may
Flatter her erring hopes with a long day
Of fatall tryall, whoſe conviction muſt
Precipitate her gloryes into duſt

Sure, though prolong'd, the difference then will be;
Th'insulting freedome chain'd, my bondage free.

The Authors Dreame.

WHen as my dull and weary'd eyes, had long
With tedious watchings, 'bout my temples hung;
The vale of sleepe like a long wasted Lamp,
Smother'd, went out, and fell into a damp:
My sences tasting of some happinesse,
Ambition rose, and strove for further blisse,
Till that me thought, an Eccho in my eare,
Bad, rise and follow me, why sleep'st thou here?
With that a Winter-sweat did over-spread
My bloodlesse cheekes as in amazement dead;
Each limb did shake, my panting heart did knell
Death's sad unwelcome tone, Nights-passing-bell;
The selfe-same voyce againe did seeme to be
The comforter of my sad hopes and me.
Musick possest mine eares, in that I then
Contemn'd my feares, and seem'd awake agen.
No sooner had my eares enjoy'd so rare
Unlook'd for pleasures, but did straight repaire
A Lady of that beauty (clad in white)
As seem'd to out-face *Day*, and conquer *Night*.
Her haire dishevel'd hung, about her browes
A wreath of Lawrell; on her garments, vowes
Of perjur'd Lovers, mingled with the blood
Of some poore injur'd creature, that withstood
No ill-tempestuous storme in hope to gaine
For her pure constancie th'*Elizian* Plaine;

When

When as their ſpotted ſoules as black as hell,
Shall choake themſelves with vows in *Pluto's* Cell.
Her breſts not bare, but in a modeſt manner,
Shew the pure colour of true Lovers Banner.
Under the which they hold their ſecond faith,
(Thoſe ſpungy pearleſſe Twins the females hath)
About which blood a pretious ſtone was plac'd,
Such, as had *Venus* worne, it wo'd have grac'd
Her wanton beauty, and have forc'd the Boy
T'a'left his dallying, and the ſport enjoy.
On th'other ſide whereas black vowes doe make
A darkneſſe ſhadow, brightneſſe does pertake
Of golden Characters, that whoſo ſee,
Muſt by thoſe golden letters guided be.
Rich Sandals fetcht from farre, of pureſt gold,
Did her unvalu'd feet in pleaſure hold,
As white as is the pureſt morning milk,
And ſeem'd inſnar'd with fine Arabian ſilk.
With her two Virgins alſo clad in white,
Supporting on each ſide this Queene of light.
Upon each garment artificially
Was interweav'd a pearle diſtilled eye,
Sad, diſcontented, languiſht, broken hearts,
Feares, teares, ſighes, ſobs, laments, and piercing darts.
Croſſe Fates, friends frownes (in gold) the Parents hate,
Seem'd their contentions to expoſtulate,
With that their ſoules ſweet Organs tun'd. Forbeare;
Let thy feares vaniſh, we ſhall bring thee where
Death keepes his Court, the ſable irkſome Cell
Of murdering ſoules, where ſinnes with Furies dwell:
There thou ſhalt ſee each broken Vow to have
Deſerved puniſhment: dead, want a Grave.

Yet

Yet feare not Youth, for through the ayre wee'l hover,
And with our robes of truth thy doubts will cover.
My feares then left me, and we mounted ſtraight
On a wing'd Chariot they enjoyn'd to waite
For us, drawne with foure milk-white Doves;
Such as dame *Venus*'s pleas'd with, when her Loves
Shee meanes to viſit; through the ayre than wee,
Swifter than nimble-footed *Mercury*
Did fly. — At length
Such ſhrill confuſions beat into my eares,
As wo'd have ſunk the world, diſſolv'd the ſpheares:
But *Truth* my ſtill ſupporter, bade me be
No whit yet daunted, for I ſoone ſho'd ſee
Horrours of worſe affrightments; with that ſhake
The lower earth, and from a Sulphurous lake
Flew flames of quenchleſſe fier, with the ſmoake
Of loathſome brimſtone, eating trees of Oake.
The diſmall noyſe of ſcreech-Owles, hiſſing Snakes,
Toads, Adders, Monſters, and what elſe pertakes
Of ugly poyſon, ſeem'd a Cavalere,
And fellow partner with all creatures there:
In that ſalt teares made furrowes in my cheekes,
And for ſome reconciliation ſeekes;
With that demanding of my guider *Truth*,
What place that was? ſhe anſwer'd, pretty Youth,
A place where falſe neglectfull Lovers be;
Such as have cancell'd faith and loyalty.
This is the place where thy diſdainefull Faire
Shall be created new; teare her bright haire;
Rejoyce to have a Serpent to her bed,
And by deformed monſters raviſhed.
My panting ſoule then ſunk, but tender ſhee

Rais'd

Rais'd me againe, demanding ſtraight of mee
The reaſon of that paſſion; I reply'd,
I lov'd her ſtill: though Reaſon it deny'd:
Shall ſhe for whom my ſtudies I have ſpent,
(Faire *Truth*) receive this doome and puniſhment?
Shall Monſters then enjoy what I before
Did Idolize, and as my Saint adore?
Shall they ſuck hony from ſo rich a Hive,
And glut themſelves with that each ſoule alive
Wo'd humbly kneele for: O, ſhall they then be
The only meanes t'enlarge my miſery?
Truth's anſwer was, wee'l leave this dolefull place;
Baniſh diſtruſt, wee'l mend our ſlow-wing'd pace,
And drive thee to the *Tempe* of content,
Where *Love* ſhall laugh at Falſhoods baniſhment,
And in diſpight of Envie, ſhall obtaine
The feeling welcome of his heart againe.
Where *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* live in bliſſe,
And there enjoy each other with a kiſſe.
Then did we drive our Chariot through a Grove
Of Mayden-flowers, where the Queene of Love
Met with her *Martialiſt*, and preſent came
With due ſalutes, and homage to *Truths* name.
The Chariot ſtaid, we lighted, and then went
Into a place call'd *Loves true raviſhment*.
Where e'ry pretty Bird in warbling notes,
Did give us entertainement with their Votes.
Each Lover had his Mate, and on the Greene
Did ſport and play, and bluſh becauſe o're-ſeene,
Exchanging kiſſes, in ſo much that I
Did emulate their candy'd jollity.
The Virgins that did waite upon our Queene,

Left

Left her with me, and went into a Greene,
Where two sweet *Youths*, clad in a crimson dye,
Did give 'em entertainment to the eye.
Joyes met with joyes, the Quiristers did sing,
As welcoming the wanton youthfull Spring,
Where in an Arbour, crown'd with Violets,
Each with his Mate new happinesse begets.
Truth's smiling Aspect with her Affrick gemms,
Offer'd a whisper to me, and condemnes
My former incredulity, then gave
Me her advice to purchase ought they have:
Opens her richest Caskenet, and shewes
The bed of Odours, where th' *Elizian* Rose,
The sence-delighting Violets, and th' rest
Of *Flora's* pride, are in a Garland drest,
Compass'd about with little hoops of Glasse,
Reflecting on each cheeke that by 'em passe.
The ground-work honey, and the Juice of love,
The Mornes refreshment. *Nectar* cast by *Jove*,
(Instead of dew) upon their colour'd veynes,
With oyle of Constancy to keepe from steynes
Of every ruder hand, and there they lye
Unpluckt by any, save Maturity.
No mervaile then *Winter* cannot afford
Us such Redolent Miracles, when th' hord
And Closet that retaynes 'em, is a place
Impal'd with all contents, and Beauties Chase,
A Park where *Harts* keepe their Imperious way
Without usurping Tyrants, they can pay
Their Morne-devotion without losse of life,
Exactions trouble, or a womb of strife:
Here they like Doves, use *Nature* in her kinde,

Mutually

Mutually live each with his *Mate*, refinde
From the groſſe errors dwell in *Mortalls*, who
Think 'tis enough, in that they onely wooe,
Without a thought of fervency, if one
(A Woman, for none elſe wo'd be a ſtone)
Finds an incurable folly to invade
Her Lover, called paſſion, ſh'as a Trade,
Though 'twill ſcarce get her living, yet ſhee'l grow
Fat with inſulting o're her Patients woe,
Which cuſtome's here a Stranger; here, ſaid Truth,
Lawes are enacted to entreaſure Youth;
Here *Flora's* Spring, *Autumne*, and chequer'd *May*,
The pleaſing Gales of *Zephyres* doe convay;
And this their Winter *Manſion*: Yet they know
No froſty finger can aſſault 'em ſo.
Here they inhabit without nipping paine,
'Till gentle *Zephyres* poſt 'em back againe,
To kiſſe the worlds knowne Wanton, then enſues
Th'unuſed raſhneſſe that their births abuſe;
Each wilfull finger and depraving hand
With Inſolency robs, uſes command
(Inſtead of milde entreaties) teares from thence
The infancy of their ſprung influence:
Crops the ſweet Virgin flower before the age
Makes it compleatly ripe, while the ſad Bryer,
Mother to thoſe rich gemms, embraces fier;
Or elſe left deſtitute: who does become
Barren in nought but griefe, her martyrdome.
Oh irreligious *Mortalls*, ſee your error:
Covetous in nothing but in hoording Treaſure,
Which laſt like Roſes, leaving once their Tree,
Becomes inconſtant through inconſtancie.

Then

Then know the diff'rence, and inveſt thy ſelfe
With whiter thoughts, baniſh reſpect of pelfe,
That like a helliſh Advocate delude
Mans ſence into a glittering ſervitude:
Which choakes 'em in diſgeſtion; cut the tye
Which binds thee to thy ruine, let 'em be
Diſjoyn'd for ever, and deeme conſtancie
The only meanes of Fortune, for without
Such reſolutions never goe about
To ſtile thy ſelfe a Lover; 'tis a thing
Abhorr'd in reall Actions, 'twill not bring
Mortality to th'pleaſure ſign'd for thee,
This ſacred *Tempe*'s true felicity:
Where no tempeſtuous ſtorme of Parents hate,
Shall dare to croſſe thy e're propitious Fate.
Thy Love and thee 'mongſt th'reſt in ſweet content,
Shall ſpin your times in endleſſe merriment:
But if that ſhe be obſtinate, and ſtill
Diſdaines our dread command and pow'rfull will:
I'le ſend a ſummon by our blindfold Boy,
That ſhall convert to terror ev'ry joy.
Goe tell the lower world what you have ſeene,
As you doe honor us a Mayden Queene:
This have I ſhewn you, that the world may know,
What power we have, and what to us they owe.
Then poſt you back, you winged Meſſengers,
And leave him where we found him; *Time* refers
No other conference, for the gladſome Day
Appeares; then hence, pack on, make haſt away,
For feare our theeviſh froſty-bearded *Time*,
Ruſhes through th'ſpeares too faſt, and *Phœbus* ſhine.
With that they mounted me, and in the ſpace

Of one poore minute brought me to the place
Where first they found me, that my giddy braine
Struck with amaze, knew not from whence I came,
'Till gentle *Morpheus*, that did first surprize
My weaken'd sences had unlock'd mine eyes,
And gave free passage to each stretching part,
By the pure skill of his ne're failing Art.
Then kinde *Aurora* grac't me with a smile,
And *Phœbus* welcom'd me from my exile.
In that my late dull spirits then were apt
To entertaine secrets in Riddles wrapt.
Then did I think upon my former charge,
Giv'n by my guider Truth to me at large.
And all those pleasures I that night did see,
Grew fresh and pleasant in my memory:
That I not disobeying her command,
Like a true Subject, in another land
In trust for her, must let her praises be
Blazon'd by Fames guilt Trump of Poesie.
And first unto my Deareſt as a friend,
I did unfold my Dreame, and recommend
Each passage I had seene, time, place, and where
Of paine, joy, griefe, or blisse, she might have share.
But shee not giving credit or beliefe
To any such weake fictions, nor reliefe
To me, or any others; but doth still
Continue in her bad obdurate will.
Leave her I must; but let her know, that face
Shall live to be the subject of disgrace.
Nor shall one teare be shed in pitty; shee
That liv'd disdainfull, shall disdained be.

To Cupid.

Cupid, I'm inflam'd with feare,
Leſt her beauty bribes thy care;
Shee's ſufficient to intice
Vertue out of Paradice;
When her breathings kiſſe her lips,
Expired Gums and Odours skips;
Every Accent is a charme,
And her circle is her arme,
In the which ſhee'l raiſe or lay,
Man or ſpirit, fleſh or clay;
Shee's an Artiſt that delights
More in Conqueſts than in fights,
'Tis her uſe to fetter thoſe
Icy-bodies ſhe has choſe
(In her owne reſerv'd intent,
T'appeare by it more excellent)
To her bright Phebean haire,
Where perfum'd *Meanders* are;
In ſuch a priſon *Jove*, or thee
Wo'd deſcend and Captive bee.
But, here's the glory crownes her moſt,
Shee diſſolves thoſe lumps of froſt,
And gives it active blood and fire,
(Rather wonder, than deſire)
Makes it forme; for, from her eye,
A hot Promethean flame does flye,

And penetrates so ev'ry breſt,
Th'augmenting flames cann't be expreſt.
In that ſhee only erres in part,
'Tis wilfulneſſe, not want of Art.
Shee ſhoots her ſcorching beames too faſt,
Piles flame on flame, and blaſt on blaſt;
And then ſhe leaves him in his flame,
Though one poore teare wo'd quench the ſame.
Her oyl'd expreſſions ſhee did gaine,
From the falſe *Mercurian* trayne.
'Tis a language windes the eares
To admiration, gulls the Spheares;
Yet all theſe rarities are us'd
To the contrary ſence, therefore abus'd.
Then *Cupid*, now thou know'ſt by me;
How to ſhunne her flattery:
Be thy ſelfe, and let her know,
Beauty does a reverence owe
To thy powerfull frowne: goe play
My part a while, and for me ſay,
(If that her ſmiles don't bribe thy wit)
Rather for ſcorne than praiſe ſhe's fit.

Cupids *Summons.*

FAireſt Mortall, think not I
Priviledge a ſtarre-like eye,
Or the choyceſt Faire on earth;
I can blaſt 'em in their birth:
Yet that you might feele deſires,
Quenching Loves *Idalian* fires.

'Mongſt a many Beauties more,
I preſerv'd thee to adore
My Deity: but now I ſee
Thou diſdain'ſt my power and me.
Therefore by my *Paphian* Bow
My commands muſt let you know,
That a ſtrange complaint of late,
Beat a parley at my Gate;
And ſo entred, that the Gods
With that uprore grew at odds:
In ſo much that they me ſent
Meſſenger of puniſhment,
In my Mothers ſacred name,
You a Traitor to proclame
'Gainſt the Lawes of Love and Beauty.
And to what you owe by duty
To th'Æthereall powers and me,
Cancel'd through Inconſtancie.
By my Bow and flaming Dart,
By the Lovers bleeding hart,
By the hand, and by the glove:
By the eye that captiv'd *Iove*,
I command and ſummon thee,
At Loves Barre to anſwer mee,
To what we ſhall there object,
'Gainſt thy ſcorne and baſe neglect:
Faile not creature, as you will
Anſwer, your enſuing ill.

The Oath after appearance.

PAle-cheek'd Mortall, now your eyes
Returne their luſtre to the ſkyes:
No hue of Roſie-red doth guide
The welcome Lilyes, as a Bride:
Nor are th'Lilyes freſh, and gay,
As they were the other day.
The preſent guilt doth make it knowne,
Beautie lent, is not your owne.
Venus now the Queene of Love,
Is in preſence, and muſt prove
You a diſobedient heire
To her glorious Hemiſphere.
Paphos Archer hates to owne
You a ſiſter to his throne:
And muſt here as witneſſe be
To your black-mouth'd perjury;
Therefore on this gold-leaf'd booke,
In which Lovers oft doe looke,
Lay your hands, if you be free
From uſurping Tyranny,
From the many ſighes and teares
Lovers uſe, their nightly feares:
From their paſſions, folded armes,
Lull'd aſleepe with Syrens' charmes,
From the murdering of a Hart,
Glorying at th'exceſſive ſmart:

From an angry lowring eye,
Spying Lovers deſtiny,
From a mock or ſcornefull ſmile,
That kills, though pleaſes for a while.
From a heart that harbors ſcorne,
Leaving witleſſe Youths forlorne:
You may freely ſweare, but ſee,
The Roſe has left his Treaſury,
Your ſtarres are clouded; Rubies too
Have left th'exchequer'd lips of you,
And with ſweet gales tranſported thence
To ſeeke a better reſidence.
Hence to tryall; *Themis* now
'Gainſt thy guilt doth ſet her brow
And Conſcience calls; you muſt appeare
At Loves Barre, and anſwer there.

His Allegations againſt Clarinda.

TO you faire *Cyprian* Dame, I doe preſent
A languiſht heart bound to impriſonment,
(Without your faire releaſement) to an eye
Swel'd with Ambition, flat Conſpiracie,
Whoſe ſtill aſpiring ſoule did think'twas duty,
That greateſt *Mortalls* ſhou'd admire her beauty.
Nay, to that height Ambition had convey'd
A ſtrong beliefe, ſhee was not Earthly made,
To entertaine a Love that had no power,
Like *Jove* t'appeare in an *Argolian* ſhowre,
And when bright *Sol* his glorious Rayes diſplaide
To grace the world, Conceit might ſoone perſwade

Her

Her witleſſe-fancie, his all-ſeeing eye
Borrow'd it's luſtre from her brighter eye
Your ſelfe whom *Paris* well did judge to bee
Heav'ns only peece, the fairer of the three,
Shee wo'd not bluſh to ſay, had the Youth ſeene
Her matchleſſe Beauty, you had beene no Queene.
And I in ignorance beleev'd the ſame,
Blinded with love, ſo weav'd into a frame
Of doting paſſions, having no alliance
To my owne welfare, or her baſe defiance.
For her I waſted all my houres in griefe,
Expecting comfort, yet found no reliefe;
Oft have I curſt the Boy that firſt betray'd
My hearts ſecurity, forcing me to wade
Through th'ever ſable ſtreame of curſt deſpaire,
Or crimſon gulfe of horror to the ſtaire
Of abſolute madneſſe, ſtill ingendring ill,
Now ſink, then riſe, ſubject to Fates ſterne will:
Not knowing thee to be of ſacred line,
Yet felt thy ſting, but knew it not divine,
As now I doe; But thought ſome *Circes* might
With charmes bereave me of my bodies right.
Forgive me ſacred Deities; no more
Will I blaſpheme your goodneſſe as before.
No oaths or vowes of *Hymenean* right
Could move her minde, no liquid teares invite
Her heart to pitty, no diſaſt'rous fate
Of future miſchiefe could accelerate
My preſent death. But in her ſcornefull looke,
I read her meaning as in Angers booke,
Sometimes with a diſſembling ſmile retaines
Me longer to encreaſe my Love-ſick paines.

As doth the cunning Doctor keepe in ure,
His queaſie Patient, and prolongs the Cure ;
Either to make his skill the brighter ſhine ;
Or elſe for feare his Patient ſho'd combine
With others, and he loſe his Cure ; e'ne ſo
My cunning faire with ſmiles wou'd work too ;
Knowing that none but ſhee had equall power,
To crowne my hopes, or blaſt 'em in an houre.
And thus in endleſſe paſſions did I lye,
Ling'ring my breath, Deaths bare Epitomy.
Nor would ſhee pitty that my ſpring-like age
Sho'd dying, live, in Lovers Pilgrimage.
When as th'impartiall Maids have beene at ſtrife,
Which firſt ſho'd cut my thred, and end my life,
Shee'd tyrannize o're my paſſions ; nay, and more,
Diſdain'd your power, whoſe ayde I did implore ;
Telling me, Beauty had more than Love,
Beauty was that ſtrong charme enchaunted *Iove*.
Then wo'd appeare ſuch lightning from her eye,
As ſeem'd to equall *Iunos* Majeſty.
Here doe I ſtand for to averre, and prove
Her baſe, diſloyall, and my conſtant love.
Be juſt you Powers, and let your ſentence be
A puniſhment too good for perjury;
That future times peruſing of her ſhame,
May praiſe your Juſtice, and abhorre her name;
Without your ſentence, all will ſoone aſpire,
Like proud *Prometheus* for to ſteale your fire :
For th'envie of their Sex it is ſo deepe,
They'l ſtudy nightly, and revenge in ſleepe.

The Cenſure of the Gods.

Preſent.

Jupiter. *Vulcan.*
Sol. *Juno.*
Cupid. *Venus.*

Sol.

VVEe will not heare her anſwer, her reply
Will but adde torments to her miſery,
Her guilt is too apparant, therefore wee
For thy aſpiring thoughts, doe baniſh thee
From that beſt light, which earthly creatures doe
Admire, and yearely pay a tribute to.
Since from thine eye ſuch ſparks of lightning came,
To blaſt our ſervant here wee'l vaile the ſame
From thenceforth never ——

Venus.

Forbeare; indeed you wrong me: her offence
Requires a cenſure from our Excellence.
Was ſhee not *Ours*,'till her preſumptuous ſoule
(Inflam'd with Treaſon) ſought for to controule
Our all-commanding power, has ſhee not bin
Stain'd with the folly of *Narciſſus* ſin?

Has not her Beauty made the world below
Forget that duty which to us they owe,
Deeming our greatneſſe but a fallacie,
Mention'd by children in their infancie?
Then know, to us, to us ſhee has done wrong,
Corrupting Mortalls with her venom'd tongue,
To caſt miſts on our greatneſſe; ſince then ſhee
Has not yet taſted of thoſe ſweets that wee,
And thoſe that live to love, doe ſtill enjoy,
All ſubject to the anger of my Boy:
Shee ſhall be barren in that happineſſe,
And ne're embrace what hidden ſweets there is
In Lovers glances; but ſhall live to be
The onely ſcorne to Loves poſterity;
Shee ſhall love one, and (living) love him ſo,
Her love ſhall gaine his hate; his hate, her woe.

Jupiter.

This muſt not be, your cenſure doth appeare,
Not from deſert, but Envie; I dare cleare
The innocent ſoule. Why barren? 'cauſe you know
The ſweets already; none can merit ſo.
Forſooth a kiſſe is envi'd, and a glance
That does unbreath mans ſpirits with a trance.
Deni'd embraces is forbidden: what if I
Endeavour to ſalute lip, breaſt, or —— why?
Wo'd bluſhes beat me thence? woge her white hand
To lead me to the fountaine, where I'le ſtand
As cold as *Marble*, 'till her lips doe ſeale
A Patent for my entrance, I'le appeale

Not

Not to your Will, but Love; ah, 'two'd ariſe
Mutually ſweet, when both hearts ſympathize.
Come, you forget your ſelfe; is it not rare,
To have a woman honeſt, while ſhe's faire?
Which by your Sentence muſt be; 'faith, and then
Shee'l grow more famous, though leſſe lov'd of men.
Had you beene charie of your Maidenhead,
As you were of your Beautie, y'might ha' ſpread
Your Ivorie Leafes to Sparrows, and they'd peck
Thoſe Letters out, which doe your Goddeſſe deck.
Faire Maid, for that thou haſt a ſtirring thought
Of Greatneſſe, hating all but ſuch as brought
A Showre like Us, into our *Dana's* Lap,
We fancie thee too much, to let a Clap
Of raging Thunder pierce thee.—lend thine eare —
What, is't a match? No: Why? thinkſt thou they heare?
We will adjourne the Court. Not? prythee ſay;
I am incinder'd; kiſſe me, 'twill allay
My heat: come, I will have it ſo; wee'l ſteale
Into an obſcure cranie, put the eye
Of *Phœbus* out; my appetite does frye.

Vulcan.

How *Iupiter* does looke now: 'tis a prey
Wou'd make all ſell their happ'neſſe; by my fay
A plump-cheek'd wench, and does deſerve no leſſe
Honour than *Venus*, were ſhe of her Dreſſe.
Ile to her—don't beleeve him Laſſe, his Wife
Will blaſt thee with her anger, intrap thy life,
As ſhe did poore *Alcmena's*; leane to mee,
Venus and I are out, Ile none but thee.

And

And though I'm rough and ſootie, yet I can
Beſtow on thee the pleaſures reſt in man,
As well as he; my hoofe ſhall be ſet right,
If thou ſweare to let me taſte delight;
Or if thou wilt not ſweare, or yeeld, yet bee
A woman; winke, and let me feed on thee.

Iupiter.

Thou art a ſawcie *Vulcan*; goe about
To make me thunderbolts for th'Summer rout,
Uſe your black-crufted hands i'th' *Cyclops* forge,
Or dye your Hornes a ſable hue; diſgorge
Your juicie ſtomack where our Horſes lyes;
Your man-like action needs muſt pleaſe their eyes;
Or make thy Wife turne honeſt: but I feare
Mars ha's too late uncharm'd her Hemiſpheare.

Vulcan.

Why in this paſſion? 'las, I will connive
At all your doings, provided I may thrive
As well as you by it. What, not agree?
Iuno ſhall know thy folly then—— D'ye ſee
How briſk he is with th'piece of Venerie?
The match is made, and he muſt clip the thred
That tyes her beautie to her maiden bed.

Iuno.

Wee'le make her feele our wrath. Why fall you not
To Cenſure? Where's our *Iupiter?* Abſent: What,
Courting the traſh of Beautie?

Iupiter.

Yes; but looſe
My labour: ſhee's growne cunning, to refuſe.
Nay, uſe your pleaſure now; ſhee'l ſcarce be made
Capable of *Venus* traffique, Wantons Trade.

Iuno.

Then, Boy, 'tis thee we ſtay for; let thy Art
And tongue agree.

Cupid.

Doubt not, I'le find her heart.
Since I as *Vmpire* ſtand; I will, that ſhee
A faithleſſe Wanton ſhall from henceforth bee;
One, whoſe inſatiate Wombe no meane ſhall know,
But proſtitute her Body, till ſhee grow
Unuſefull, and that time ſhall let her ſee
A period to her hidden Venerie,
Her perſon ſhall be much deſir'd of many,
Nor chaſt nor conſtant ſhall ſhe prove to any,
But covet to imbrace new faſhions ſtill,
Whereby to glut her baſe inſatiate will.

Thoſe

Thoſe that have long been practiſers in ſin,
She ſhall inſtruct new wayes to wallow in,
And with her faire illuſions ſhall invite
All ſorts of Nations to her ſeem'd delight.
But when her Face with furrowes ſhall appeare,
And that her Cheekes no Roſie colour beare,
When her ſoft Lip ſhall want the force to bind
Thouſands by adjuration to her mind;
When as the youthfull heat hath left to raigne,
And that her Nerves an Icie cold retaine;
Where Eyes begin to looke into her Soule,
Where they eſpie it ſpotted, wicked, foule;
When as her Hands, ſo much admir'd, ſhall be
Wither'd, and like a bare Anatomie;
Then ſhall ſhe lingring live without reliefe,
Nor ſhall one prove a helper to her griefe.
Thoſe whom her youth and time ſhe ſpent withall,
(When as her Beautie became prodigall)
Shall loath to heare her nam'd; and more, her ſight
Shall be to 'em as poys'nous *Aconite*:
And when that *Time* ſhall, with his Neighbour *Death*,
Steale unawares, and ſtop her vitall breath,
All that ſhe leaves behind, is bur her Name,
And that lives onely to enlarge her ſhame.
So, while ſhe lives, her life is but a hate,
And yet her death proves more unfortunate:
Wretched by birth, and ſo brought vp to woe,
In Life accurſt, in Death her Soules chiefe foe.
Then what remaines, but onely this to prove,
A ſcorne to *Time*, a hatred unto *Love*?
And on her Grave this *Epitaph* ſhall be
Read, to condemne her vitious memorie.

Her Epitaph:

HEre remaines a Piece, that ſhame
Does forbid to owne, or name:
She was once, as this, a Stone,
'Till Converſion made her none;
Then her Beautie ſtain'd her Soule,
Being faire, ſhe was moſt foule:
Lov'd, yet hated all; 'tis croſt,
Whom ſhe lov'd, ſhe hated moſt.
She was skil'd in Language too,
Ev'ry Nation did her woo;
She cou'd *French* interpret well,
Till ſhe faſhion'd how to ſpell
Through the Noſe. If any paſſe
On this tender yeelding Graſſe,
To view this Piece, doe not weepe,
'Tis a paſſion they may keepe;
Onely Charitie bids us ſay,
She is happie now ſhe's Clay.

Omnes.

We like thy Cenſure well, and are content
She ſhall endure thy Doome and puniſhment.

An Epithalamium on the two happie Paire, Thomas B. *Eſquire, the younger, and his faire Bride.*

VP lazie Morne, ſend through th' odorous ayre
A bluſh, that may invite the Hemiſpheare
To wonder, then looke pale with ſpleene, denie
To all, ſave to this Bride, ſupremacie.
Wonder; in that the ſtill uſurping Night,
Fat with the weight of ſinnes diſmounted, ſpight
Of his aſſiſtant Horrors, e're his Raigne,
Fatall to erring Mortals, cou'd obtaine
Its finall courſe; and Day appeare, before
Thy Porter had unhing'd his painted Dore;
And 'tis confeſt, that Night two houres ha's loſt,
Since her bright riſing baniſhed his Hoſt;
Starres hid themſelvs in Clouds, no *Cynthia* ſeene,
The petty Lights would all have *Cynthias* beene,
Could they have vanquiſht Nature; but the height
Of their Ambition prov'd their Oppoſite,
And ſunke them in their Errors. Oh! to ſee
A Heav'n on Earth, yet Heav'n no Heav'n to bee,
'Leſſe by her Light aſſiſted; th' Skie appeare
In ſable dreſſe, while Day did trip it here,
A new *Aurora* brake, whoſe potent ſmiles
Gilded the Eaſterne Morne, thaw'd Winter Ile's

Tyl'd

Tyl'd o're with plates of Ice; ſhew'd th'Heav'ns grow poor
In goodneſſe, yet from her they may gleane ſtore,
To furniſh 'em for ever, leſſe they be
Too prodigall of her liberalitie.
Hamſtead was made a Paradiſe, each Buſh
Retain'd a Spring-like Coat; the chirping *Thruſh*
Grew proud and wanton, and did uſe their Note
In fancying *Anthems*, which they got by Rote;
The chanting *Philomels* mellifluous ſtraine,
O'th'piked Eglantine reviv'd againe;
The am'rous Spring and Roſes there were blowne,
That in their *Chaos* ſlept, forgot, unſhowne;
The froſtie-bearded Winter at her feet
Dropt into Pearles his ſubſtance; and the Sheet
That Earth of Nature borrowes to lye in,
Chequer'd with *Flòra's* beauties, did begin
To prove abortive, came before their time;
Yet ſafe deliver'd of its Spicie ſlime,
Forc't by her radiant luſtre; ev'ry Tree
Wore Fruit forbidden, 'cauſe her Liverie.
Can this ſtirre Wonder in thee? No; for 'tis
No wonder, didſt thou know but what ſhee is:
Shee's all divine, whoſe Virgin influence
Merits the courtſhip of the dayes bright Prince,
By whoſe amplexures, mixtures, Nuptiall tyes,
Religious Votes ſhall from each Soule ariſe,
To bleſſe their bright Conjunction; for the which,
Hymen, whoſe care is *Vertue* to enrich,
Hath ſingled out her Conſort, brought her one
That out-rayes *Phœbus* through his Horizon;
Adorn'd with Maſculine Vertues he can be:
Should I compare him to th'Heavens; but He,

And in that He, consists such ample worth;
We want a *Homers* Pen to set it forth:
He's exquisitely rare, shou'd I say more;
'Two'd not enlarge his worth, but make me poore
In fancie: for alas, what need I tell
The world a storie, which they know so well?
I will conclude in prayers, not in prayse,
Though you deserve them both, while I have dayes
Or minutes to unburden: may Encrease
For ever Crowne the Harvest of your Peace;
May you live like two Angels sent from Heaven,
To teach the world examples, and run even
In *Vertues* progresse, till your sacred Urne
Claymes its prerogative, your ashes turne
The *Phœnix* Exequies to nothing. Why?
Your lives extinct, Perfections with you dye;
Nor shall our Ages after mention one,
Without committing Sacriledge, you gone,
But your Remembrance, which shall last, and be
The onely *Phœnix* to Posteritie.
Shine like the Twins of Miracle; for it's true,
Nature comply'd with Wonder, framing you.
Let your refulgent Beames afford more Light,
For Turtle loyaltie, than the wisht sight
Of *Phœbus*, rouzed from the Ocean,
Ascends to his full Lines Meridian.
Flourish in the blest Concords Unitie,
And spinne your Lives into Eternitie.

An Epithalamium on the happie Nuptials of his much reſpected friend Geo. T. *Gent.*

RIſe wanton *Phœbus*, leave thy am'rous play,
And prune thy ſelfe, to grace this Nuptiall Day;
Shake off thy drowſie Looks, and let thine Eye
Appeare in its full height of Majeſtie.
Let *Hermes* in his greateſt glory ſhine,
And *Bacchus* drink full Bowles of *Helvian* Wine;
Let *Iove* forget to play with *Ganimed*,
And *Mars* once leave the *Cyprian* Goddeſſe Bed;
Veſta, with all thy Darlings, hither hie,
And crowne our Wedding with thy companie;
Bring thou our Bride to Church, but leave her there;
Nor bluſh not, if ſhe chance to ſhed a teare;
Feares doe poſſeſſe the tender yeares of one,
Unapt to know th'untwining of her Zone.
Hymens Rites finiſht, let your Welcomes be
To grace our Bridegroome with your Companie.
And now let chaſt Deſires adorne her Bed,
Whoſe Bluſhes ſhewes the Dye of *Maydenhead*;
Wiſhes and ſweet content may they poſſeſſe,
Each heart bring joy to th'other numberleſſe.
Who bids Good-night unto our Bride, be dumb,
(And ſayes no more) Such as ſhall hither come,

Muſt not bring one Nights joy alone, but force
Their throats to reach with Eccho's, till they hoarſe.
Millions of joyes attend 'em both for ever;
May they be curſt who ſhall their chaſt hearts ſever.

Acroſtick on the well-deſerving Gentlewoman, Miſtris Eliz. Hill.

E nricht with Natures choiſeſt Excellence,
L ight to thy Sex, thou art rare Quinteſſence,
I *oves* e're admired Creature, in whoſe face
Z eale ſeemes to keepe account of womans grace;
A thouſand joyes attend thee, and may e're
B eautie (adorn'd with Vertue) be thy ſhare;
E xquiſite Creature, whoſe perfections lye
T ranſparent to each well-diſcerning eye,
H eaven ſends you here, to grace *M*ortalitie.

H ow much was *Helen* counted to be faire,
I n ſo much more thou art beyond compare;
L ove is thy Mirror; then be not too proud,
L eſt Heaven dims that Beautie with a Cloud;

And ſo debarre us Mortals of that bliſſe,
Which each deſerving Soulē deſires were his.

Acroſtick

Acroſtick on Miſtris Marie Raſhley, *in requitall of her Muſicall entertainment.*

M any that knowe you not, may thinke that I
A m by affection led to flatterie,
R aiſing your Vertues to ſublimeſt height,
I n hope to gaine you as my purchas'd right,
E nflam'd by Love; ah no, my zeale is ſuch,
R are *Phœnix*, that I cannot write too much,
A s prayſes due; for ſhou'd *Apollo* heare
S uch Dorick *Muſick*, he wou'd leave his Spheare;
H *ymen* wou'd boaſt, if you unto his Shrine
L ove, with your Vertue, bring as Offering;
E ach God wou'd leave his Throne, cou'd Nature frame
Y our equals to embrace their *Paphian* flame.

On his very loving friend, Miſtris Bridgett Peck.

Acroſtick.

B eautie with Vertues, doth enlarge the ſtore,
R iches without thoſe Vertues, are but poore;
I n thee both ſhine, to make thy brightneſſe knowne,
D ame Natures glorious workmanſhip alone,
G rac'd with her feature, and ſo highly priz'd,
E maculate, to be eternalliz'd;
T hou peereleſſe piece of Vertue, live to be
T imes wonder, and *M*ans chiefe felicitie.
P rudence, the Soule of Wiſdome, 's in thy breſt,
E ndu'd with all thy Graces, and there reſt
C ourted. *Vrania* in thy Breſt doth find
K ind Zeale, the true Companion to her mind.

To his vertuous Kinſwoman, Miſtris S. B.

IF to adore thee, were not held a ſinne
Beyond the reach of mercie, I'd begin
To render up my Oraſons to thee,
And ſo by cuſtome, write thee *Deitie*.
If to admire thy Beautie, and thy Grace,
And prayſe the Native Liveries of thy Face,
Tell Stories of the whiteneſſe of thy Breſt,
Thy Hand, thy Legge, thy Foot, and never reſt,
'Till I had made thee famous with my Pen,
And rais'd thy Name in great eſteeme 'mongſt men;

If

If with induſtry I ſought to pleaſe;
Yet thou would'ſt count 'em but *Hyperbole's*;
So modeſt is thy faith; thou canſt endure
No ſtraines of wit, that ſeemes to be impure,
Or ſtuft with needleſſe ſuperſtition,
The knowing follies in ſome wanton one:
Thou art entirely vertuous; Pardon me
If I tranſgreſſe, ſpeaking *Truth's* Embaſſie:
For he that's zealous, will confirme the ſame,
Love blowes the fire, but you can quench the flame.

An Elegie on the vertuous Gentlewoman Frances Dixon.

WHy ſmil'd the Heavens? why did *Sol* diſplay
His golden beames to grace the ſlow-foot Day?
What made th'Ætheriall power to cleare the skies?
And why did *Venus* ſcorne thy Obſequies?
While *Veſta's* Darlings weating black, did ſhew
What true devotion to chaſte corps they owe,
Jove did appeare, and court thee e're grim Death
Had pow'r to ſtop thy od'rous balmie breath.
And hadſt thou yeelded, then thy yeares had bin
Enlarg'd to feaſt the Gods with pleaſures ſin:
But making ſleight of's gifts, enraged hee
Leaves thee to what the Deſtinies decree.
Then 'tis no mervaile that the Heav'ns did ſmile,
To ſee weake Mortalls can their hopes beguile.
Thou mirror of true Chaſtity, let mee
Pay hourely tribute with my teares for thee.

Nor

Nor think pure courſe as many uſe to doe.
I ſtrive with them to mourne in faſh'on to.
Ah no, I hate it: for my inward part
Shall witneſſe that the *Mourner* is my hart.
Religion wept, and ſung, and Vertues ſcore
Was paid in teares, and ſighes, her only ſtore,
Sending thy ſable Herſe homeward to bliſſe,
Where Chaſtity receives it's happineſſe.
And the freſh tincture of thy virgin-Tye
Shall wreath thy brow with ſpotleſſe memory.
The Gods did ſmile for anger, 'cauſe poore wee
Enjoy'd on earth ſo rich a prize as thee;
And in a rage have t'ane thee from us here,
To place thee in the Elementall ſphere.

On his loving friend M. John Day *an Elegie.*

D*On Phœbus* now hath loſt his light,
And left his Rule unto the night:
And *Cynthia* ſhee hath overcome
The day, and darkened the Sunne:
Whereby we now have loſt our hope,
Of gayning *Day* in's Horoſcope.
A ſtrange Eccliſe did late ariſe,
Where naught but blood did deck the skies;
And in that fight was ta'ne away,
Our thrice deſir'd refulgent day;
And only *Phœbe* does appeare,
To grace the mournfull Hemiſphere,

With

With her dew-ey'd *Hyades*,
Hoping with their lights to pleaſe
The angry world; but 'tis in vaine
To think their light can longer raine,
Since their chiefeſt ayde is gone
Day: and left his Horizon.
Yet from th'Eaſt we may deſcry,
A new *Day* approaching nigh.
To whom th'Heavens have given ſtrength,
And made his houres of equall length;
Vowing that the Night ſhall ne're
Diſplace him from his golden ſphere,
'Till this Sunne begets a Sunne,
And his Sonne another Sonne.

Epigram 1.

WIll the Perfumer, met me in the Street,
I ſtood amaz'd, he askt me what I meant.
In faith, ſaid I, your Gloves are mighty ſweet,
And yet your breath doth caſt a ſtronger ſcent.

EBRIuS.

Epigram 2.

E*Brius* had long ſick of a Feaver bin,
And feeling the reward he had for ſin,
Did freely vow unto the powers Divine,
(But at his meat) not to drink any wine.
And be'ng recover'd, he began to think
How he might keepe his vow, and ſafely drink.

And whereſoe're he came, commanded ſtraight,
That cloth and meat ſho'd on the Table wait.

A BRASIER.

Epigram 3.

Jonas the Braſier and his wife fell out,
He call'd her Slut, and ſo it came about.
Slut Knave ſhee ſaid, now in good ſooth you lye.
With whom (quoth he?) whereat ſhee gan to cry,
Reply'd; Enough; I'le yeeld in ſuch a caſe,
When you are ſtill your ſelfe a Brazen face.

Epigram 4.

A Youthfull Lad match'd with a wrinkl'd Dame,
Whoſe gold did kindle in the Youth a flame;
And being wedded, ſhee with teares wo'd ſay,
I feare my Heart, that thou wilt gad aſtray,
Becauſe my time with age is almoſt ſpent,
And cannot yeeld to Youth its full content.
Yet prythee Love let me this poore boone crave,
That you on me a ſmall reſpect will have.
Feare you my love, ſaid he? now I proteſt
Thy teares have wrought impreſſion in my breſt;
And here I vow, by Heav'n, if thou would
Deſire to eate (thou ſhould'ſt not want) my gold:
But this I ſweare, if he co'd ſo provoke her,
His full intention was for to have choak'd her.

FINIS.

LOVE.

Epigram 5.

IF any Soule desires to know
How *Love* at first came blinde,
Before the *Poet* made him so,
The Reason now h'shall finde:
Which here to All I'le willingly impart.
Love shot his eyes and lost 'em in my *heart.*

LIPS.

Epigram 6.

I Was in company with two or three
Dispos'd for Mirth; amongst us was a Lasse
Handsome enough: her Prodigality
With frequent kissing on our lips did passe:
To one shee'd say, How do'st thou like that kisse?
And to another (faith) thine was as sweet?
Swearing her lips dissolv'd, the juice of blisse,
Which betweene hers, and ours, did freely meet:
Whereat, we all did laugh; I sweare (quoth she)
If you say otherwise, you say not well;

I will refer't to you, Sir, meaning mee:
Are they not moiſt, pray taſte againe and tell.
I did ſo, and reply'd, thus much I felt,
Eitherthy *Lips*, or elſe thy *Painting* melt.

DAME SULLEN.

Epigram 7.

PUtting ſome queſtions to a *Sullen Dame*,
To each of them her anſwer ſtill was, *Well*:
The more I ſtrove t'divert her from the ſame,
The more ſhe plagu'd me with her apiſh *Well*.
Impertinent to my demands; at laſt
Finding a way to ſearch her folly out,
And change her note which formerly had paſt;
I us'd my Art to bring the ſame about,
Speaking but this, *How doth thy Husband doe?*
Shee fetcht a ſigh, and ſaid, he do's but ill;
Pardon mee Sir, for I muſt tell it you,
The more's my griefe, and much againſt my will,
He is ſo frigid growne: He has not done
Me right, (I vow) ſince the laſt Mornings-Sun.

A Lawyer and his Wife.

Epigram 8.

A Beetle-headed Lawyer, one of thoſe
That leaves his *Conſcience* in his other hoſe

For feare of Bribing, and could never ſpell
Vices in no Iacobi perfect well,
Knew no more Latine, than his Clarks afford
Him to encounter with the Kitchin-boord;
Some ſtale unſavory ſtuffe, at ſecond hand
Which he will have, to never underſtand;
He knowes how many lines there's in a ſheet,
How Fayres are kept, and how his Fees do meet:
And that's enough for him, the reſt muſt be
Supply'd by his Clarks beſt induſt'ry.
I name no man, but there was ſuch a one,
Liv'd in *Triceſimo* of good Queene *Ioane.*
This man of worth was wedded to a faire
And comely Creature, born neere th'Northern ayre,
By whom the Churle got wealth; yet he ne're thought
On th'richneſſe of the Jewell he had bought
Almoſt with nothing; and would ſcarce allow
Her Buttermilk, or ſtrokins from the Cow:
Yet the poore thing with patience did endure
All this and more, ſaying to her ſelfe, that ſure
He would one day remember, how he had
Promis'd her often, the next Fees ſhould clad
Her pretty body: His Fees ſtill came in,
But ſtill with his old Note he would begin,
The next that comes is thine, in *Sexto* Girle
Thou ſhalt walk in, or ſay I am a Chirle:
Which the poore ſoule could have ſaid long agoe:
But to be briefe, the wooll was yet to grow
Should make her cloth for Gownes and ſuch like things
She had occaſion of; each day he ſings
One Note, and ſtrives with words to put her by;
Till need had found her out a remedy.

And of his *clyent* newly come to towne
She took up Fees, and he took up her Gowne.

To his much esteemed friend M. Iohn Tatham *on his Fancies Theater.*

FRiend, let me honour thee, I did not think
'Till now, th'adst sipt at *Aganippes* Brink,
Though I confesse thy *Genious* was so free
At all times, that I fear'd thy *Poetry*
Would with conveniencie appeare unto
The *World*, and *Friends*; something I have to doe,
And this it is; I tell thee *Friend*, from me
Thou must expect no straines of flattery
In too much praising; Thus much I dare say,
I know thy *Fancies* each *sence* ravish may
As well as th'have done mine, for I ne're knew
A line, but what was good, proceed from you;
I've said enough, and though I last am come
To fill a Page, and take up Paper roome;
Yet with as free a *Heart* to these last lines
Of *thine*, I offer as to those which shines
Before, thy Friends have done; and proud am I
To be a *Sparke* 'mongst starres in such a skie.

Geo. Sparke.

To the Honorable Sir John Wintour *Knight, Secretary of State, and Maſter of Requeſts to the Queenes moſt excellent Majeſtie,*

The Honor'd Patron of his Book.

THe *Vine* and *Figg-tree* to the *Gods* did bring
Their *Mayden-tributes* for their offering,
In hope to purchaſe by their bleſt Decree,
Favours that ſhould out-laſt Mans memory;
And to that end, plead Merit, ſhew that *Wine*
(Mans nouriſhment) without the *Grape-ſick vine*
Had ne're beene thought on, nor the dimpled ſunne
Of *Semile* ſit crown'd upon his Tunne
With the Grapes Chaplet; then the Figg-tree too
Boaſts of her worth, ſhews what her ſtrength can do
With forraigne States, how great, how rich, how skil'd
In Languages: the Merchants Cofers fil'd
Partly by her large travels; how the ſence
Of man is cheriſht by their excellence:
And both concluded if the Gods did pleaſe
For a ſet-time to grant 'em Writs of *eaſe*
From future tranſportation, that they might
With more ſecurity enjoy their right,

And be the ſelect trees of all the reſt,
That by their ſacred favours ſhould be bleſt,
They'd render duly to their Treaſury,
A full encreaſe for perpetuity,
And add unto their titles more than yet
Was *fanci'd* in the Poets veine of wit.
The Lawrell, Pyne, and Poplar that could ne're
Boaſt of a happy fruit to crowne the yeare,
Hearing th'others oſtentation, thought
There was no hopes for them, they had not brought
Things meritorious; nor could they infer
Large circumſtance, to make the Gods confer
Their choiceſt bleſſings on 'em, all their ſtore
Was in their naked ſelves, barren and poore.
Theſe Barren Plants doubting a ſad ſucceſſe,
By reaſon of the others happineſſe,
Would have departed; but the pious Gods
Knowing their faith was ſure (how e're the ods
'Twixt 'em in riches made the others bee
In more reſpect with Worldlings,) did agree
(For ſome reſerv'd conditions) to ſupply
Their poore defects by gracious clemency.
The *Vine* and *Fig-tree* ſtraightway hereupon
Stole from the *Preſence*, ſham'd at what they'd done;
Thoſe that were worthleſſe trees of late, are now
By the Gods Patronage and gentle brow,
Made happy, and the onely trees that be
Held famous, for their ſingularity.
The *Moral's* mine Sir; great ones favour men
Of meaner quality, not for deſerts that pen
Them meriting Characters, but in favouring them
They give them all their worth, eſteeme, and jem.

So

So the reflection from your Honours eye,
On this weake peece, will awe baſe *Criticie*;
And ſo ſecure my freedome, that I may
(Soaring above their ſpleene) your Will obey.

To a Gentlewoman having beene ſcandaliz'd by ſome.

GRieve not deare Miſtreſſe; faults that are undone,
If but ſuſpected, might as well be done
'Mongſt ſoules of no capacity, that draw
An enviousbreath, not rul'd by Reaſons law;
They may more ſafely tax the Gods of ſin,
Than the compoſed ſtrictneſſe y'ave liv'd in,
Who rather are the Patroneſſe of Truth,
Spending in broken ſighs your pretious youth:
Than one that gives way to thoſe looſe deſires
Our giddy Youth are prone to; ſuch quick fires
Ne're boyl'd your innocent blood, nor in your breſt
Did e're impure thoughts diſcompoſe your reſt;
You ne're were dreſt like th'gaudy Queene of May,
Swimming through th'ſtreets in Coaches to a play;
Nor did you ever weare in your faire looks
Laſcivious glances, Luſts intangling hooks:
You never kept your bed to uſe your wit,
To ape a faſhion, which to patterne it
Would puzle all the Taylors ſave the French.
O faireſt Miſtreſſe, would my teares might quench
The flavour of your ſorrow; I know you free
From this black, falſe, unheard of calumny,

Or each particular Page or line that may
Admit of blurres to wrong thee, or decay
The leaſt of thy perfections; Think not then
It lyes in th'malice of the devill or men
To ſtaine thine Innocence, whoſe unſpotted zeale
Onely to Heaven, not to the World appeale.
There you are fixt a Saint already: why
Then you'd waſte your ſelfe ſo penſively?
Theſe ſcandalls wound you not, they'l heavy fall
On their owne heads, whoſe weight will ſink 'em all.
Temper your croſſes Miſtreſſe, be more milde
To your faire ſelfe, than vainely thus to ſtrive
Againſt your Natures ſweetneſſe, and impoſe
Such cruelty on your ſelfe. Malice that throwes
Her venome at you, if I doe not erre,
Shall with't be her owne executioner:
So did the ſpotleſſe Damſell ſuffer wrong,
By the ſinne-plotting Elders; but e're long
Heaven did acquit her: And ſo Heaven pure *Maid*
Doth acquit thee from this aſpertion laid.
So have I ſeene a fierce-oppoſing cloud,
With an intent bright *Cynthias* light to ſhroud
Under its ſable wings, in triumph ſtay
For a ſet ſpace, then dully move away,
When with a ſudden motion ſhee'd appeare
Bright as *her ſelfe*, yet to our eyes more cleare
Then formerly ſhee was: ſo is't with thee
Whom Envie left in deepe obſcurity.
But now ſhine forth, th'illuſtrious beames diſplay,
And make our night ſeeme a continuall day.

A Wart on a Gentlewomans arme.

WHat's that ſo neere your skin ally'd
and will not dilence,
His head is in your *colours* dy'd
without offence.
His perfect red and white hath mixt,
So long with your pure *blood* he's fixt,
and will not part
Without much trouble to your *heart:*
but why
D'you hide it now, and ſet a Dye
upon your cheeks,
As being baſhfull, cauſe it ſeeks
the light,
It cannot ſure appeare more white
than on your arme;
Nor weare a better coat of red,
Than your chaſt blood hath mingled
moſt ſweet and warme;
So Strawberries ſuck the gentle ſtreame
Of freſh and moſt delitious Creame.

To one profeſsing and ſwearing love to all Women.

'TIs not *Love* thy pulſes beat,
But the Itch of baſe deſire;
Whoſe impure unlawfull heat
Sets both *life* and *ſoule* on fire.
Love delights not in thoſe things
Which *diſgrace* and *ruine* brings.
Love is figur'd as a *Childe*,
Emblem of pure Innocence:
Paſsionate, but undefil'd,
Zealous, without a pretence.
Love doth carry in his eye
Conſtant flames that never dye.
Love's not ſubject unto *change*,
Nor doth *his* affection move,
Where time-pleaſing *Fancies* range
Epicures with freedome prove;
'Tis not to each face that's faire,
Hee doth his *allegeance* beare.
Nor is't Oathes that make a *Lover*:
Flying vowes to ev'ry *ſhee*
May intemperate *luſt* diſcover,
Where conſuming follies bee.
Love is ſimple of himſelfe,
And reſpects nor praiſe, nor pelfe.
Love's not guided unto feare
By the Tongues deceiving Art,

Raptures

Raptures that intrance the eare.
What he covets, is the Heart,
On the which *hee* doth diſplay
Beames farre clearer than the day.
At *Loves* ſacred Altar lyes
Hearts as ſtainleſſe as the Dove,
*M*utuall in their ſacrifice
*T*o the purity of love,
Which with Nuptiall kiſſes ſmother,
Growing *flames* in one another.
Then if thou intend'ſt to ayme
At a Lovers part, be juſt;
Puniſh that deſtroyes the ſame,
Prick thy *ſwelling veynes* of Luſt,
Let thy rank pollution run,
Hee'l adopt thee then his ſonne.
While thou ſeek'ſt to pleaſe thy eye,
Never hope to taſte true *bliſſes*,
When the appetite doth fry,
Surfeits ſo, it *pleaſures* miſſes;
For the bleſt deſire of *Love*,
'*s* by inſpiration from *above*.

A Song to the picture of a Lover in his abſence.

COme, oh come away my Deare,
Let me not for ever languiſh:
Leſt I buy my joyes too deare;
Sighs my tender Heart will vanquiſh;

For thee I have out-watch'd the night,
While angry ſtarres did read my ſtory,
And ſilver *Cynthia* hid her light,
As envying at my wiſht-for glory;
When thus upon thy lips I plaid,
Making a ſoft impreſsion there,
The jealous *Goddeſſe* then diſmaid
For her *Endymion*, left her ſphere,
And ever ſince hath harbour'd here.

Seeing a Gentlewoman making her ready in a window.

WHat new *light's* yon that breaks and wraps man's ſence
Into a world of wonder, excellence
Diſcypher'd to the life; ſome good protect
My eyes leſt they tranſgreſſe; I could affect
Each amorous glance or geſture ſhe beſtowes
On the reflecting Flatterer, how ſhe throwes
Odours 'gainſt odours, and her ſnow-white hands
Diſtilleth oyle of Roſes, ſhe commands
The *Sunnes* retirement, and for him does light
My *Fancie* to rare objects infinite.
See, ſee the Twins of Miracle, her *Breſts*
Whiter than new falne ſnow the ſpycie Neſts,
And Pillowes for Loves lips to reſt upon!
Now ſhe diſroabes her *night-clothes*, now goes on
Her rich Carnation ſattin to intice
Men to forſake their hope of Paradice.

Deluſion,

Deluſion, vaniſh; doe not think to win
Me from that bliſſe I have poſſeſſion in,
Though my *Clarinda*'s loſt, I will not be
Polluted with thy vile immodeſty.
Thy skin though white ſhall ne're infect my eyes,
Or ſtaine my cheeks with bluſhes, nor ſurprize
A thought of mine; no Counterfeit; I doe
Abhorre thy actions and thy *colours* too;
Wilt not yet leave t'allure me? by that power
Dwells in my *Miſtreſſe* name, I doe conjure
Thy abſence from that caſement which lets in
Nought but the ſtragling fantaſmes of ſin:
Oh: art thou ſlunk away, had her pure name
Sufficient skill to make thee know thy ſhame,
And now in ſome obſcure unhallowed place
Thou pin'ſt (unpittied) at thy owne diſgrace.
Pardon me deareſt *Miſtreſſe*, that I have
Made uſe of your bleſt name as ayde to ſave
Me, from the errors I was leaning to,
And heretick-like forgot my *faith* in you.

To a coy Miſtreſſe.

THink not coy Miſtreſſe, I am one
So fond, that can affect a ſtone,
Or ſome ſuch thing, unleſſe I ſee
There's ſomething in't will pleaſure me.

I cannot tye my *Heart* on looks,
Angle whole Summers in the Brooks.

In expectation of a diſh
Of Salmon; 'cauſe a Princely fiſh.

I cannot dwell on ſuch delayes,
Or ſtay in hope of *Halcyon* dayes;
If I poſſeſſe my pleaſures now,
No happier *dayes* will I allow.

Why ſhould I hope for things to come,
That may be had with eaſe of ſome;
So trifle pretious *Time* away
For empty hopes, and fruitleſſe play?

Becauſe y'are ſomething faire, muſt I
Wait your coy leaſure to reply,
When with ſome other long e're this,
I might have felt a Lovers bliſſe?

I can as well content my ſenſe,
With one of leſſer excellence
That's not ſo nice, nor will debate
The time, when *love* ſhould *actuate*.

I'm earneſt (Miſtreſſe); and muſt try
(If you refuſe) a *remedie*
Elſe-where; you know that youthfull blood
Conſumes it ſelfe, unleſſe withſtood.

Then quickly let me know your minde;
Delayes are childrens play; be *kinde*
As you are *faire*, and let's poſſeſſe
Our Loves, and pleaſures numberleſſe.

A Cherry gather'd in the Spring,
Is a choice Preſent for a *King*;
Thoſe that till Auguſt hang, you know
Are rotten, and then *common* grow.

Thoſe Roſes too that have deſire
To dwell ſtill with their mother Bryer,
Muſt at the laſt (though let alone)
Fall off themſelves, when over-growne.

The Cherry and the Roſe would be
Of little value, did not wee
For novelty ſake, allow them good,
Their worth would ſcarce be underſtood.

Women had long ſince loſt their name,
Had not weemen reviv'd the ſame.
You might like things neglected lye,
As uſeleſſe, were not men you nigh.

Then think on this, and let us prove,
There is no *joy* on *earth* but Love,
That every ſimple Laſſe may finde
(As we did) fire of ſubtle kinde.

Thoſe fooliſh *Girles* that feele a heat,
Their *baſhfulneſſe* dare not repeat:
When they by *us* know what to doe,
They'l baniſh *feare*, and fall to woe.

And ſo by our *example*, they
That have beene *ſtubberne*, will obey;

And Girles that ſtay 'till *fifteene*, will
Repent the time they ſpent ſo ill.

All ſorts of *people* from the age
Of *twelve* to *thirty* ſhall preſage
Our happineſſe, and joyntly come
To crowne *our Loves Elizium.*

Meeting a peece of Mortality val'd.

VNvale thy ſelfe, and ſhine as bright
As *ſunne* by *day*, or *ſtarres* by *night.*
What pitty 'tis to hide a face
Enricht with ſuch a comely grace!

Thy Haire like Hemlocks careleſſe fall,
To deck thy amorous eyes with all,
As fierie as the evening, where
We read the next day will be faire.

Thy curious *forehead* to *us* ſhew,
Where Carbuncles in number grow;
But the *beauties* of thy Noſe
Would fright a man out of his clothes,

To dance a naked round delay,
When on th'Tobacco Pipe you play;
And the pale brightneſſe of thy lips,
Would force the Sunne to an eclipſe.

Thy

Thy *cheeks* of fat and foggy ſtuffe,
Like th' running Dropſie, ſwell and puffe:
But oh! the Apples on 'em grow,
I think were rotten long agoe.

Thy pretious *neck* and *breſts* diſplay
Thy skins *antiquity*, for they
Like a *dri'd dunghill*, chop and break,
Untill thy ſnowt begins to leak.

Thy parched fiſts defie the Sunne;
For all the malice *he* hath done,
Cann't change thy hyde, nor any ſtayne
Corrupt it, for it's dy'd in grayne.

Thy ſpacious *belly* and thy waſte,
Have greaſe ſufficiently to baſte
A *Heard* of *Swine*, the' have ſuch a ſtore,
A *Shambles* cannot purchaſe more.

Thy Thighes like two *Coloſſes* ſeeme
Proportion'd, with thy *bodies* Teeme,
And thoſe which beare thy *ponderous Breech*,
Are mighty Columns full of itch.

But ſome that have thy Hooſes eſpy'd,
With feare the fooles fell downe and dy'd;
Yet all this while I have forgot,
Thy *Tongue* as ſtill as Cannon-ſhot.

All *parts* of thine I cann't diſplay,
The reſt unſeene, the Devill may.

Thou art the Wonder of this *age*,
And wanteſt *nothing*, but a Cage.

Which *thou* in time, maiſt purchaſe too,
If that the Beadle will but doe:
Then come and joyne thy Vice with me,
Bleſſe Nature for her *prodigie*.

To his Friend upon ſaying his Miſtreſſe was not faire.

WHy do'ſt *thou* think my Miſtreſſe is not *faire*,
Becauſe *ſhee* is not as moſt Women are,
Unprofitably proud, nor will admit
Of *ſcorne*, to *tart* the *ſweetneſſe* of her wit;
'Cauſe ſhee in *actions* (moſt irregular
To *Loves* choice *Edicts*) will not, *will* prefer
Above her Reaſon, nor was ever knowne
To boaſt of Beauty, more than was her owne;
Shee's not preciſely coy, nor yet too free
In her beſtowing Favours, but to me.
She never us'd a Dram of Vicious Art
To take mans eye, and afterwards his *Heart*.
Shee needs no Ivory Teeth, no Spaniſh Red,
Or Powders of Intlcement: ſhe is ſped
In Natures Properties; let it ſuffice
I love her, 'cauſe ſhe loves not a Diſguiſe.
Diſdaine did ne're uſurp her *Ebon* Brow,
Nor does ſhe tip her language with a Thou

In

In baſe *deriſion*; her ſweet *Lenity*
With her Minds object ſhares of *Purity*.
Greece glori'd much of *Helens* beauteous *Rayes*;
But *Troy* lamented more at the *decayes*
And *ruine* follow'd it. Do'ſt think that I
Governe my *actions* ſolely by my eye;
Beauty is but a Garment us'd to hide
Some imperfection, which if once eſpi'd
Diſcretion bids us ſhun; then't may appeare.
Beauty with *Vertue* ſeldome do's coheare;
But where th'are *Relatives*, 'tis ſo much rare,
That Beauty is Divinely ſingular,
And merits much; yet let my Miſtreſſe be
Black as a *Crow*, ſhe ſeemes a *Swan* to me;
She's not defam'd, nor curtail'd of that ſhape
Nature beſtowes on any, your Court-Ape
Is not contented with, and to appeare
More *excellent*, will buy their Painting deare,
Which on their *checks* lyes thick, to ſhew their ſtore
Like parched Walls new whiten'd, Oker'd ore.
Was not her *face* I courted, but th'. refin'd
Ineſtimable *Iewell* of her minde.
She has within her that which can declare
A *ſoule* ſufficient to create her faire;
And her conditions ſweetneſſe to each eye
Appeares th'Appendix where felicity
Doth ſit enthron'd; All theſe *perfections* dwells
In *her* alone. Humanity excells,
And is ſo much Divine, her *firme faith* can
Tranſlate to *immortality* fraile man.
Puniſh thy errors *friend*, and that I may
Aſſure *my ſelfe* th'art penitent, obey.

By thy subscribing, that 'tis onely shee
Imploy'd on *earth* for our *eternity*.

A Prologue spoken upon removing of the late Fortune Players to the Bull.

WHo would rely on Fortune, when *she's* knowne
An *enemie* to Merit, and hath shewne
Such an example here? Wee that have pay'd
Her tribute to our losse, each night defray'd
The charge of her attendance, now growne poore,
(Through her expences) thrusts us out of doore
For some peculiar profit, shee has ta'ne
A course to banish Modesty, and retaine
More dinn and *incivility* than both hath been
Knowne in the *Bearwards Court* the *Beargarden*.
Those that now sojourne with *her*, bring a noyse
Of *Rabbis*, *Apple-wives* and Chimney-boyes,
Whose shrill confused Ecchoes loud doe cry,
Enlarge your *Commons*, Wee hate *Privacie*.
Those that have plots to *undermine*, and strive
To blow their Neighbours up, so *they* may thrive,
What censure they deserve, *wee* leave to you,
To whom the judgement on't belongs as due.
Here Gentlemen, our Anchor's fixt; And wee
(Disdaining Fortunes mutability)
Expect your kinde acceptance; then wee'l sing
(Protected by your smiles our ever-spring)
As pleasant as if wee had still possest
Our lawfull Portion out of Fortunes brest:

One

Onely wee would request you to forbeare
Your wonted custome, banding *Tyle* or Peare,
Against our *customes* to allure *us* forth.
I pray take notice *these* are of more Worth,
Pure Naples silk, not *worsted*; we have ne're
An Actour here has mouth enough to teare
Language by th'eares; this forlorne Hope shall be
By Us refin'd from such grosse injury.
And then let your judicious Loves advance
Us to our Merits, them to their Ignorance.

To a Vow-breaker leaving this land.

GOe perjur'd Wanton, and invite
With thy forg'd Language for a night,
The eares of thy new-fangled *Man*,
Knowledge of thee begets a *hate*.

Goe, and with thee take all the sin
Thy Sexes frailty have liv'd in
Since *Adams* fall; for thou art worse
Than *Eve*, or *serpent*, Mans chiefe curse.

What dire pretence, what fained cause
Has made thee violate Loves lawes,
And all those vowes which once to me
Thou mad'st before his *Deity*.

What ſtrange eccliſe is in thy Youth,
Which once did ſhine as cleare as Truth
In her beſt luſtre, to my eye,
For it could not thy Faith diſcry ?

Has ſome new flame poſſeſt thy blood,
Which will conſume, if not withſtood,
Thy ſoules chiefe portion, and ſtrive
To make thy *ſhame* alone ſurvive ?

Or did the niceneſſe of my love
From thoſe immodeſt Acts which move
Perhaps in ſome, beget in thee
A thought of ſuch impiety ?

Some ſenceleſſe Wretch that never knew
Luſts debts, and th' payments that enſue,
Tis likely, has to pleaſe his ſence,
Deflour'd thy *Beauties excellence.*

And thou made ſtupid with his praiſe,
Regardleſſe how thy Youth decayes,
By thy intemp'rate VVill, doſt run
A courſe without Religion :

Tend'ring to His unlawfull ſuit,
Each day that bleſt forbidden fruit,
VVhich Heav'n did give thee, and ordain'd
Thy Prayers ſhould have kept unſtain'd.

How are our Beauties happy made,
That thou haſt left thy Native ſhade

To wander to th'*Iberian* Coaſt,
VVhere thou may'ſt of thy falſeneſſe boaſt?

Hadſt thou continu'd longer here,
Some ſtrange infection we might feare;
Our Beauties would have drawne from thee.
Thou baniſht, they from it are free.

Each creature now with freſh deſire,
May ſafely warme 'em at Loves fire,
And not ſuſpect thoſe flames unjuſt
You us'd, conſuming *Hearts* to duſt.

Do'ſt think fond VVoman, by thy flight,
To hide thy *ſhame* from the quick ſight
Of thy owne *conſcience*? it alone
Shall be thy *Guilts* companion:

VVhich ſhall ſurround thy ſpotted breſt
VVith ſuch black *thoughts*, that if expreſt
Either by Pen, or elſe by Breath,
VVould fright a timorous Maid to Death.

The gentle winds that now appeare,
Milde as the breath of *Lambs*, ſhall beare
Upon their wings in furious rage,
Thy Crimes to ev'ry Forraigne Stage.

The tatling buſhes in the Groves,
Shall tell the Story of our Loves:
VVhich well obſerv'd, they'l all conſpire
VVith Lightning, and conſume with fire.

Both thee and thy Familiar, so
Unlook'd for my revenge will grow,
And thy example will so strike
In some, they'l feare to doe the like.

Thou canst not passe by *Brook* or *Spring*,
But hearing their soft murmuring,
Thy conscious soule will guesse that straight
It whispers thy unhappy Fate.

Goe where thou wilt, and use thy charmes,
To circle *him* within thy armes;
Thou for a time will dote on, then
Returne unto thy Fate agen.

Tis past my Creed, to think that you
Now false to me, can long be true
To him: for why? *new faces* breed
New appetites, whereon to feed.

Had he each various way to please,
And held a *surfeit* no disease;
Yet that thy custome still may swell,
Thoul't mix, though with some *Infidell*.

His faith with thine may best agree,
There's such a fatall sympathy
In your affections, every part
Resembles *thine*, when *heart* in *heart*.

Then take my counsell and possesse
Some uncouth shaggy *wilderneſſe*.

There

There take *Plantation*, and be *wiſe*;
Both wanting *faith*, all *faith* deſpiſe.

There mingle *limbs*, and *procreate*
Some Prodigy may ruine Fate;
So keepe thoſe dangers off, which they
Intend ſhall be thy Youths decay,

And ſuddenly will fall on thee,
For this thy vilde Apoſtacie,
Which a Nuns penance cannot call
Merit, t' purchaſe *Mercie* withall.

Thy travailing friend when he does finde
Thy want of *faith*, to the next Winde
Will beg a whaſtage, to be rid
Of thee, which ſacred lawes forbid

Converſing with; thy ſinnes are growne
So foule, they needs muſt be thy owne
For perpetuity; then hee
Is mad that ſtayes to ſhare with *thee*.

When throughly thou haſt div'd into
Thy owne defects, 'twill puzle you
To hope forgiveneſſe, when you ſee
With bluſhes your deformity,

And every ſpot which will declare
Thee black as night, though once as faire
As Summers noone-tyde in her pride,
Thou wert as neare to Heaven ally'd?

Had'ſt thou not loſt that Eſſence, which
By *faith* all Women doth enrich,
And play'd away at one poore vye
Thy ſoules entire ſecurity.

Thou which haſt ſo profuſely ſpent
Thy Youth, and Beauties Ornament,
Canſt hope to live, 'till age doth pour,
Upon thy head a ſilver ſhour?

Or if thoſe hopes may have ſucceſſe,
Thou that haſt taſted the exceſſe
Of pleaſures, canſt thou looke to have
More comfort than th'inſatiate Grave?

Our preſent pleaſures vade away,
But thoſe to come will ne're decay,
Reſerv'd in Heaven; be not remiſſe
In ſeeking (then) ſuch future bliſſe.

Farewell, And when that thou haſt ta'ne
A full ſurvey of what I faine
Will follow:
For all my wrongs, but teach thy eye
To ſhed a teare; and ſo will I.

To a Gentlewoman being fearfull upon the water, by reason of the roughnesse of't.

WHy doe you tremble *faire one*, why has *feare*
Displanted the best *Beauties* of the *yeare*
From their *warme beds* your *cheeks*? what? does the sight
Of the rough *waves* your timorous heart affright,
Cause in the *conflict* with the boysterous winde,
You doubt they'l to your *passage* be unkinde?
Let not such thoughts invade you; though the skie
Is with th'untruly *flood* in Mutinity:
Yet your firme *faith* is of sufficient power,
To calme the greatest tempest, in an houre,
Should they mix *elements*, and every *blast*
From the *contentious North* threaten a waste
To the distemper'd *water*, so afflict
The *Universe* with terror, wee'd direct
Our motions o're 'em, where our Boat shall play
As free as when an East winde guides the way;
Then be more confident of your owne worth,
While we as *Prodigies* admir'd, launch forth.
*Mi*stake me not, 'tis not a selfe-conceit
Of my *deserts*, kindles in me this heat
Of resolute boldnesse, but 'tis in you
To whom all Attributes of worth are due.
Under your blest protection I shall be
Fixt as a Rock, that scornes their injury.
Doe you observe, as soone as you appeare,
How they *retreat* as glad to see you here,

To

To end their difference, *Boreas* does retire
To use *his* force t'encrease the *Cyclops* fire.
Now with an amorous breath begins to move
The golden *tramells* of your haire to love,
Now mildly steales a kisse; it's no sin to say
He courts you as his faire *Orythia.*
The *waves* have smooth'd their wrinckles to, and doe
(Learning by *Boreas* in what forme to wooe)
With smiling aspect seeke to re-invite
You from your feares, to *note* how they delight
To beare your blessed waight, and while they skip
For joy, the *sunne* is playing with your lip,
All *Rivals* in such blisse, the streames dash in,
Wantonly kisse your *garments*, not your *skin*:
That as a thing forbidden, they adore,
But dare not touch as warn'd from it before:
The'are all officious safely to convey
Vs to the place we locke for, while sad they
Mourne for your absence, each dissolve to teares,
So drowne themselves for drowning you with feares.

To his friend, advising him from Love.

WHen to my faire *Clarinda* I gave breath,
My expectation was not present death,
Her unjust doome on me, nor did I looke
For such a *change*, that had some freedome tooke
In her *Hyperboles.* All that have seene
Her *Beauty*, and my *Praises*, would have beene

My

My witnesse 'gainst her, how much I deserv'd
In her best thoughts, whose studies had preser
Her Name unto *eternity*, had not *shee*
Discover'd her whole *sexes* infamie
By her revolt, that my enforced *Pen*
(Against its Nature, us'd for *sonnets* when
I call'd her Mine) did charactize her *shame*
Blacker than *Ink* could make it for the *flame*.
My vitalls once possest, when it did know
Hers was *declining*, would not *stronger* grow,
But by degrees extinguisht, else 'twould prove
Our *paines injustice*, *motives* not of Love.
Had'st thou but knowne her *will*, thou would'st have sai
Shee was a pretty, handsome, well-fac'd Maid,
Though not endu'd with those perfections I
Did boast of to the *World*; *Poets* may lye
As well as seeming *Prophets*, for w at shee
Enjoy'd 'bove *Natures* bounty, sh'ad from mee,
My *lines* at first did polliſh every *limb*;
But pencilling her *heart*, my *eyes* grew dim;
Both *Pen* and *Fancie* fail'd me, I gave o're,
Finding her heart stain'd with the leaprous sore
Of base *deceipt*, and left her with that poore
Implicite Beauty which shee had, before
My *verse* had nourisht it; what cans't expect
For all thy service, more than such neglect?
Should'st thou make ev'ry line swell with *conceit*,
And sing her *praises* in each *Epithite*;
Yet thy *reward* at last will be like *mine*.
Oh frien! all vvemens Fancies doe decline
With *houres* and *minutes*, and the greatest bliſse
Poore Man can hope for, is but in a kisse

The *ſhadow* of *content*, which having got,
It fires his *ſoule*, and yet it pleaſeth not.
Why ſhould wee make an *Idol* of a face
Of the ſame *mould* as *ours*, and add a grace
To't by our Homages; ſo enthrall our eye,
When *Heaven* and *Nature* gives it liberty.
What though the ſtrange *Ideas* of our minde,
Transforme our *thoughts* to every *ſhape* and *kinde*:
That wee approve that *beſt* that's worſt of evils,
Hold Women *Saints*, cauſe ſome are *glorious* devils?
Shall *wee* perſiſt, committing ſacriledge
'Gainſt *Heaven* and *goodneſſe*, give them priviledge
'Bove *mother Nature*, make that *hand* 'cauſe white
A *miracle*: that *eye* 'cauſe cleare and bright.
The Deity I worſhip, ſo prophane
Heavens purity and leave a laſting ſtaine
On our *diſcretion*, make a fooliſh *toy*,
A *Puppet* to be plaid with, our chiefe joy
And beſt of hopes, looſing all the pride
Reſts in true manhood, and our youth beſide,
For one, fram'd our inferiour, the weake thing
Of peeviſh *woman*, which in mentioning
Declares their firſt *creation*, and from whence
They doe derive (forſooth) their Excellence?
What pleaſure is't to dally with the *Fan*
Of thy fine *Miſtreſſe*, or be leſſe a *man*,
And kiſſe her *Glove*, gaine from her eyes a *glance*,
That may thy *eaſie heart* a while *entrance*,
Fett'ring with golden hopes thy *giddy youth*,
Hanging Diſpaire upon the heeles of Truth?
Their *Loves* are like ones breath on pureſt *ſteele*,
No ſooner on, but off, they never feele

Nor

Nor understand affection; what we call
Beautie's a thing most prejudiciall
To our *humanity*, how e're it seeme,
A *pretious object* in our *eyes* esteeme,
Wee gaze on it as th'Porcupine on th'starres,
'Till Ruine overtakes us in the Warres.
We hold with our owne errors, and should wee
Enjoy this new set up Idolatry,
Our States were yet uncertaine, for they still
Would have some *fetch* to *satiate* their will.
They are *infirme* in loyalty, and bee
Like th'*golden Apples* hanging on the tree
O're *Tantalus*, which if but toucht, will fall
Straight into *ashes*, so that little All
Of *good* in Women is compounded so;
The least breath of temptation they'l yeeld to.
There is so many sleights us'd by vilde Woman,
That th'custome (like themselves) is now grown common.
They can instruct their eyes to weepe, when they
Like *Crocadiles* are readiest to betray
Our lives to eminent *danger*; they doe make
Love break *knots* of bushes, which in twisting breake.
The sweets they give us, treacherously assumes,
To stifle up our sences with Perfumes.
If we from *Gall* can extract *Honey*, then
Sin may produce such *Vertues*. Simple men
Aptly may credit: but believe me Friend,
Those that are bad, their *Mischeifes* have no end.
They are to theire *affections* so unjust,
They banish chast *Love* to comply with *Lust*.
I have bin long a Scholler in *Loves* Schoole,
Experience made me a Proficient foole,

I know the desperate effects ensue
This apish love, and would advertise you
(As one that friendship and your knowing merit
Has fasten'd in a cordiall tye) inherit
(Deare Sir) that blessed freedome which the name
Of *worth* in *Man* can challenge, temper th' flame
You have receiv'd: let your female creature
(Knowes how to work upon so good a Nature)
Take you up wholly, so your friends to be
Deprivd of what they love, Your company
Which they hold pretious to 'em gentle Sir.
Let not your course runne so irregular:
But limit so your passion, that we may,
Despight of *Love* or *Venus*, have a day,
Or two, or three to consecrate to mirth,
And give our hopes in *you* a second birth.
You that are one that shares in all the parts
Of Natures blessings, and sublimist Arts,
You that know *all*, that Man should know, is *good*,
As worthy in your actions as by *blood*
Of your prime Ancestors, you that justly can
Instruct in knowledge the illitterate Man
By exact rule; be so much now your selfe,
And let your judgement banish th' scurvy Elfe,
Your too much doting Love, a *thing* that none
But fooles and mad-men will be seene to owne:
Dotage is incident to yeares fourescore;
But you as yet have not seene twenty foure:
It dulls the sence, and stupifies the wit,
And to reside with them it is most fit.
I know thy wit's as active as the fire,
And subtill as the ayre. Kill that desire

Would liſt thee 'mongſt ſuch Idiots. I know
A nobler way than that for thee. Then goe
Unto thy Study, ſee how ruinate
It's growne, and through thy abſence deſolate.
See how thy *Bookes* lye ſpeechleſſe, how they mourne
(Like true obſervants) till thy ſweet returne.
And ſee what Randevous the *Mothes* have made;
Here lyes a member of an Iliade,
Compacted once, was *Homers:* Now it lyes
Unto their ſpoile an humble Sacrifice.
Correct theſe faults my friend, and thou ſhalt ſee;
That childiſh *Love's* not worth thy *Librarie.*
But I have div'd too deepe, and may ſuſpect
(Your Temper being mov'd) you will correct
Me as the reſt, taking on me a task
Which may be doubtfull to you; yet I'le ask
No mercie from you; what I've done, 'tis fit
You ſhould conceive was zeale, ſo tender it.

To the truly vertuous and his much honoured Lady, the Lady Iane S.
an Ode.

YOu, that are ſhee
Which every *Woman* ought to be,
The glory of our age;
Whoſe ſweet demeanour ſhewes
Where *Love* and *Vertue* flowes,
Where *Beauty* and *Delight* doth dwell,
Wee cannot finde *your* Parallell
In all this Terren ſtage.

You that are ſhee
Whoſe *youth* is from *corruption* free,
My *Fancie* dare uphold.
Were there more ſuch as *you*,
To noble Actions true,
Men need not feare to ſay they did
Poſſeſſe ſome *heavenly treaſure*, hid
E're ſince the *age* of *gold*.

You that are ſhee
Compos'd of *Natures Rarity*.
Cherries in *Winter* grow
Upon your *lips*, which tell
How much you doe excell
The *Summers* pride: but on your breſt
The *Phœnix* builds her ſpicie neſt,
Without diſſolving ſnow.

You that are ſhee,
The *top-branch* of that glorious *tree*,
for Pious acts renown'd,
Departed hence, but are
Each of them fixt a ſtarre
In Heavens bright firmament, while you
Inherit here as your juſt due
Honour with *Vertue* crown'd.

You that are ſhee,
Diſtinguiſh can *formality*
From needleſſe *pride*; when wee
Seeke for ſome beauteous face,
Adorn'd with *modeſt Grace*.

A *Lady*

A *Lady* that's ſo well enclinde,
Shee beares a Seraphinian minde;
Whoſe ſacred Meditations to us ſhew,
Shee's mark't a Saint, wee need not farther goe,
For you are onely ſhee.

To the right Worſhipfull Sir I.B. K. *upon encouraging him in Poetry.*

MY *Muſe* as cold as *clay*, from your quick *Rayes*
Promethean like grew Maſculine, *her* Bayes
Receiv'd a freſhneſſe, your *Ætheriall* fire
Ranne through *her* faculties 'till her deſire
Met with my wiſhes jointly to begin
Our votes to *you*; yet ſtay; it were a ſin
Should ſhee omit *your Lady*, and your *Race*,
The perfect *figures* of the *ſum* of *Grace*.
And honour'd Sir, to you, whoſe powerfull *name*
Merits above the *Donatives* of *fame*:
You that are great in goodneſſe, whoſe bleſt Fate
Makes you a *Pillar* of this Britiſh ſtate:
May you be free from ſorrow, free from care,
That may diſturb your quiet, to declare
You onely mortall. May you live to ſee
A *Neſtors* age in bleſt felicity.
May you continue ever in that ſeat
Your *merits*, and not *Fortune*, have made great.
May you enjoy your wiſhes full content,
To crowne your latter dayes till they are ſpent.

May you embrace a Fathers comfort, by
Your *children* in ſucceſſull *Progenie*,
May they in it be happy, and may *health*
Purchaſe the keeping you, and your juſt *wealth*
From others *deprivation*, may *Encreaſe*
For ever crowne the *Harveſt* of your *peace*.

A Sigh.

POſt happy ſigh upon the wings
Of ſome bleſt *Cherubin* that ſings
Continuall *Anthems* in the *Quire*
Of Heaven, there finiſh thy deſire.
Thou wert not borne for the poore uſe
Of Miſtreſſe, but my *ſinnes* abuſe;
And 'tis not fit *thou* ſhould'ſt endure
A mixture with this *ayre* impure;
Thou drew'ſt thy breath from me, and art
The iſſue of a contrite *heart*.
As Mothers, e're their time be runne,
With anguiſh bring a breathleſſe ſonne
Into the world; ſo I did thee,
With *griefe* and unfain'd miſery.
Th'art of as little uſe, unleſſe
Thy *Innocence* can winne acceſſe
To enter *heavens* eares; wee need
Some Cherubin to intercede
For us; expence wee need not feare,
Bribes have no power to enter there:
Or if *thou* doubt'ſt (becauſe but one)
Thou canſt not well expreſſe a groane,

Nor justly plead for *mercie*, I
Will send *thee* Legions more shall buy
My soule from death, When all agree
To fill the *heavens* with Harmony.

To his friend J. W.
a Meditation.

DId wee consider rightly what a store
Of *imperfections* waites to ruine *man*
From's *infancie* to'*s grave*; Vice makes a sore
Upon his soule incurable, that can
Precipitate his *glories* to th'*Abysse*,
Once banisht from the *Paradise* of Blisse.
His first breath is a *cry*, His last a groane;
Yet happy in that groane, if hee dy'd well,
Angels shall wait his soule's ascension, none
Of *Vertues* instruments but shall excell
In joy each other, that mans penitence
Has brought him to that place of excellence.
Th'unbridled Youth giving his folly raines,
Disclaimes all councell that his errors show,
Untill a second mischiefe binds in chaines
The giddy Colt, and then he findes his woe.
All that his Parents left him once consum'd,
He will appeare a Peacock, but unplum'd.

LOVE
CROWNS THE
END:

A
Tragicomedy;

Acted by the Schollars of *Bingham* in the County of *Nottingham*.

By *Jo. Tatham*, Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *W. Burden*, in Cannons-street neer London-stone, 1657.

LOVE

CROWNS THE

END:

A

Tragicomedy;

Acted by the Scholars

of [illegible] in the

County of [illegible].

By [illegible], Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for [illegible], in Cannons-Street

near London-Stone, 1657.

Love crownes the end.

A Grove discover'd, and in an obscure corner thereof Cliton *as being a sleepe. To him* Alexis.

ALEXIS.

HOW still the morning is, as if it meant
To steale upon us without Times consent,
And pry into my errors. I have beene
Searching in every Thicket, Wood, and Greene
To finde my Lamb, and many dolefull cryes
Enter'd my eares e're day. What's this that lyes
In such an obscure place, where none scarce tread,
Unlesse the Ghosts of the disturbed dead?
Blesse me great *Pan*, I see it's *Clitons* face
With a sword drawne; how happy was my chace
This way! I hope his folly has not made
Himselfe a Beast, as butcher'd with this Blade;
'T may be he sleepes: I'le speake to him, and try;
Yet I halfe doubt him 'cause he here doth lye.
Cliton, awake, the Night's dislodg'd, and now
Bright *Morne* is trimming of her Virgin brow,
To court the Sunne, when from the Westerne deepe
And *Thetis* lap his glimmering beames doe peepe
T'ascend his glorious Carre. *Cliton* — awake,
And with thy sleepe all dreames of horror shake
That may affright thee.

Kinde

CLITON.

Kinde *Alexis*, thanks,
How found you me?

ALEXIS.

Walking those flowry banks,
'Twixt the greene valley, and the place which wee
Have consecrated to Loves Deity:
Seeking a stray'd Lamb, I did heare sad moanes
Proceed from some like peales of parting groanes,
Which I pursu'd, but in my search I found
None but your selfe: you resting on this ground
I wonder'd much to see you!

CLITON.

So you might.
But when y'ave heard the cause on't, 'twill affright
Your easie brest. Doe you observe this Hand,
This fatall Hand, at my unjust command
Did:—— Oh, I could destroy't!

ALEXIS.

For what offence?

CLITON.

This hand has spilt the blood of Innocence,
My *Florida's*.

ALEXIS.

How?

CLITON.

And when I'd done
(As I might well) did hide me from the *Sunne*,
Fearing his eye would be the onely cause
To finde me out; and here from men and lawes
I have obscur'd my selfe, and could not say
'Twas justly *night*, when *night*: Nor *day* when *day*;
My fact had sullied both. What

ALEXIS.

What urg'd thee to ſuch inhumanity ?

CLITON.

Onely ſuſpition of her loyalty,
Dreaming *Lyſander* had enjoy'd her love,
My jealouſie to cruelty did move:
I ſlew her three dayes ſince, and ſince have bin
Each night at that place I ſtain'd with my ſin,
To ſeeke the body, but ſome ſacred Power,
For none elſe durſt approach her purity,
Has certainly made her immortall, and
Convey'd the body to ſome holier land.

ALEXIS.

Is the body gone then ?

CLITON.

Or elſe my eyes doe faile me as an abject not worth their (help.

ALEXIS.

Thy crime requires contrition; to that end,
Thou ſhalt with me. Thy dayes to come ſhalt ſpend
In holy uſes; I'le prepare for thee,
In the beſt forme I can, each property
Belonging to a penſive man. You muſt
Forget all youthfull pleaſures, think on duſt,
And penitence the onely meanes to bring
Thy ſoule to reſt after this wandering.
Will you with me ?

CLITON.

To death, or otherwiſe, ſince *Florida* is dead. *Exeunt.*

Cloe *purſu'd by a luſtfull ſheepheard.*

Luſtfull Sheepheard.

Stay my darling, doe not flye,
This place is private, here's none nigh.

Feare

Feare not Wench, I'le doe no harme,
But embrace thee in my arme;
Cull and kisse, and doe the thing
Shepheards doe at wrasteling,

CLOE.

Oh help, if any Shepheards, neere,
Heare my laments.

Lust. Shepheard.

Yet creature, doe not feare:
But if you with coy disdaine,
Doe think to leave me in my flame,
I'le force those golden locks of thine
To lye beneath these feet of mine;
Then yeeld and here enjoy such sweet
As with our *embraces* meet.

CLOE.

Oh hapless Maid, no ayde will come. *Lysander steps forth.*

LYSANDER.

Feare not Virgin; here is some
Natures monster; Villaine, why
Does thy flame now burne so high?
Will no other serve thy turne
To quench the heats that in thee burne,
But so faire a soule as shee?
Villaine hence, or else I'le bee *Lustfull shep. gapes on him, then runnes in.*
Thy Butcher.

CLOE.

Kinde Youth, to whom am I
Bound for this faire courtesie?

LYSANDER.

First unto Heaven faire Creature; next to me
A poore unworthy Shepheard.

CLOE.

May your Sweeteſt whom you love,
Ever conſtant to you prove.
Be ſhee brighter than the Sunne,
Pleaſing as our day at noone;
Freſher than the morning dew:
Sweeter than a new kill'd Ewe;
Like *Aurora* deckt with flowers,
Or the welcome Aprill ſhowers.
May ſhee love you, and you be
The mirrour for true Conſtancie;
Goe gentle Youth, and this day proſperous be
Amongſt our Swaines in your Activity. *Exit.*

LYSANDER.

A thouſand thanks reward you.
Pan be my guide, and thou faire *Gloriana*,
Whoſe beauty has encinder'd my poore heart
Almoſt to nothing this day; thou ſhalt finde
Thou haſt a power above our humane kinde.

DAPHNES. *Exit.*

Bright ſunne, why do'ſt thou ſhine on me?
Is it to mock me? keepe thy light; for I
Had rather live in darkneſſe, and ſo dye.
Or do'ſt thou ſhew thy luſtre in diſdaine,
Becauſe I have ſo oft with ſpeech prophane
Blaſphem'd againſt thy goodneſſe, And in praiſe
Of a poore earthly creature ſpent my dayes?
Do'ſt thou yet ſmile? forgive me, and I'le bee
No more her ſervant, but will honour thee.
Keepe thou thy brightneſſe *Phœbus*, and this day
From all our Swaines I'le bring the prize away. *Exit.*

Leon. Gloriana, and Franciſco.

FRANCISCO.

Faireſt, this day, be pleas'd to ſmile on me,
And let thoſe hidden favours yet unſhewne,
Flow in abundance, that Swaines may ſee
None e're can conquer me, but you alone.

GLORIANA.

My favours friendes paſt, and you have taſted
So much of my poore bounty, that it's waſted.

LEON.

We ſtay too long ſonne, pray make haſte,
Let us not ſpend time in waſte.
Daughter, you ſhall goe with mee,
Where their paſtime wee may ſee.
Heark, I heare 'em make a noyſe; *A noyſe*
Oh my *hearts* my bonny *boyes*, *within.*
Play your parts; when I was young
I was full as ſtout and ſtrong.

FRAN.

Deareſt, I muſt part; this calls me hence.
Father, I leave you. *Exit Fra:*

GLORIANA.

For ever I hope, would I could propheſie,
And be effectuall, it ſhould be ſo.

LEON.

Daughter, this way let us high;
I am old, I'le not come nigh:
Nor ſhalt thou my dapper Girle,
Leſt thoſe ſtaves that often whirle
Hit thy face. What againe! *A ſhowt*
Nay then I feare wee goe in vaine. *againe.*

Yet

GLORIANA.

Yet Father let us goe, that wee
May know who gain'd the victory. *Exeunt.*

The lustfull sheepheard like a Satyre.

Because Dame Nature, pox of all her tricks,
Has not dealt so well with me as shee ought,
Making me but a lump of rough-hew'n stuffe,
The pettish Wenches will not play with me,
Nor tick nor toy, and cause I'm apt for sport:
How e're I'm form'd, I've put on this disguise,
To fright the baggages, when getting some
'Twixt these my armes, I'le force 'em to my will,
Yet passe unknowne. Thus I my sences fill.

Scrub within. So ho, so ho, so ho.

What noyse is yon?

SCRVB.

Through the Woods, and through the Woods have I run after the Run-away my Master. — What, art thou in the devils name?

Lust. shepheard.

Sirrah, I am —

SCRVB.

A devil, I knew't before: Thou should'st be a leacherous devill by thy hayrie hide: but I am no Succubus goodman devill.

Lust. shepheard

Do'st thou feare me?

SCRVB.

Oh Lord, me Sir. I have met such another devill as thou art, in my Porridge dish.

Lust. shepheard.

And didst thou know him?

SCRVB.

Know him? how doe you meane know him? I should be loth to know him or thee, or hee thee, or thy grand-Master me for any ill; for I have defi'd the devill and his works ever since the generall Earthquake, and that my Mothers Cat miscarried in the horse Pond.

Lust. shepheard.

Was thy Mother a Witch?

SCRVB. *Offers to strike.*

How a Witch you devill — I'le witch you.

Lust. shepheard.

Hold man: shee was an honest woman.

SCRVB.

Nay, now thou ly'st, and thou be'st the devils devill:
For I have heard her soberly say, shee had six ——
Bastards by a Souldier before shee pigg'd me.

Lust. shepheard. *Offers again*

Hold, hold man.

SCRVB.

The devill afraid of blowes! I'le make you spet fire.

Runnes after him.

A great shout. Lysander *with a Garland on's head, and scarfes on's armes,* Cloe *following him.*

CLOE.

Friendly Swaine, the day is yours; you see
My prayer it seemes successfull was to thee.
Pitty my mayden teares; till now, I ne're
Su'd to a shepheard, but the shepheards were
My suiters.
Nor deeme me light, because my love is such;
I love indeed, and feare I love too much.

You ſav'd my life, my chaſtity, what more?
Take me as one that was your owne before.

LYSANDER.

How much I grieve faire Shepheardeſſe, my Fate
Will not allow me ſuch a juſt proportion,
To render thee, as thy deſerts have merited
From me.

CLOE.

Oh friend!
I'le be your ſervant, and your flocks will keepe.
I'le nightly watch while you doe ſweetly ſleepe,
And in the morne I'le willingly to field,
While you doe taſte the ſweets Loves valleyes yeeld,
And with induſtrious labour againſt noone,
Will get your dinner ready, ſo you will
But ſmile on me, and ſay well done.

LYSANDER.

To ſtarve your hopes from furder proſecution in this ſuit.
Know I've already fixt my reſolution
To love none but faire *Gloriana*, ſhee
Is the Commandreſſe of my life, and fortunes;
So much I pitty you, that I could wiſh
I had two hearts, that you might ſhare in one
As a juſt recompence for your love, but why do I
Entertaine ſuch frivolous unneceſſary talk.
May you live happy, and enjoy as rare,
And conſtant Shepheard as your ſelfe is faire. *Exit.*

CLOE.

Is my face wither'd? or has Nature ſo
Deform'd me lately that I am not *Cloe*?
For thee poore *Cloe* Shepheards have pitcht the Barre,
Wraſtl'd, and leap'd, and ſhowne the feats of Warre.

For thee each ſtrove to gaine thee as his Dove;
But thou did'ſt ſleight and ſcorne their ſimple love.
How many Verſes have the Shepheards made,
In praiſing of thy Beauty, whil'ſt thou laid
Thy heart on him that hates to heare thee nam'd,
And thy delight is ſtill to have him fam'd?
How many Rings and Gloves haſt thou receiv'd
From the poore Swaines thou often times deceiv'd?
For thee on Holy dayes they often would
Meet on the Heath next to the Pinders fold,
Where they with Muſick, and ſuch ſweet content,
Would ſpend their time to make thee merriment.
Since then my love is not one mite rewarded,
And that my Beauty is no more regarded:
I'le teare theſe golden locks, that ſhepheards may
Leave off their ſport, and make no Holy-day.

SINGS.

I will follow through yon Grove,
Where I ſoone ſhall meet my Love;
Then with ſweet embraces wee
Will clip, and cull, and none ſhall ſee.
A willow Garland I will make,
And ſweetly weare it for his ſake.
Then through Thickets, Woods, and Plaines,
I will hide me from the Swaines?
Hy da, hy da, what art thou? *As ſhe is running in, meetes her.*

DAPHNES.

You were not wont to queſtion that; how fares my deareſt Love?

CLOE.

Hence thou coward, hence from me:
Bluſh at thy diſloyal y.

Did'ſt

Did'ſt not tell me thou would'ſt gaine
Me reputation by thy fame;
And ſuffer'ſt now a ſtranger beare
The prize, and thou to have no ſhare?

DAPHNE.

Your frownes my Faireſt, and not hee,
Gain'd from me the victory.
Had you ſmil'd as you did frowne,
All his ſtrength I'd mauger'd downe.
What has diſturb'd my Love? who has committed
This injurie to thy perſon?

CLOE.

Ha, ha, ha; foole, foole! ſee you now foole?
Foole! kiſſe — kiſſe — kiſſe — *Exit.*

DAPHNES.

What fickle things are women? yet they are ſuch men cannot be without; our too much doting on 'em makes 'em proud; for loving them, they'd make us hate our ſelves. I doe ſuſpect this bad diſtemper in her proceeds from ſome deniall *Lyſander* has given her to her unlawfull ſuit, knowing my love to her. 'Tis ſo. I muſt not let her ſuffer in too high a nature. *Exit.*

A place diſcover'd all greene mirtles, adorn'd with Roſes, a Title written over't thus.

LOVERS VALLEY.

Lyſander and *Gloriana.*

LYSANDER.

Deareſt Love, faire as the Eaſterne morne,
When with her Summers roabe ſhee decks the Plaines,
And hangs on every buſh a liquid pearle,
In Mayes triumphing moneth, ſweet as the ayre,

The Phœnix does expire in, ſit while I play
The cunning Thiefe, and ſteale thy heart away,
And thou ſhalt ſtand as Judge to cenſure me,
To recompence thy loſſe I muſt agree;
To give my heart, which being underſtood,
'Tis but exchange, I keepe your heart, you mine.

GLORIANA.

Content my Love thus, ſhee would court thee,
And thus and thus ſhee'd play a Wantons part:
Doe I not bluſh *Adonis.* *Kiſſe him.*

LYSANDER.

Oh, you muſt not bluſh! you ſpoile the jeſt on't,
I'le ſpan thy Waſte, and doe as Wantons uſe;
I'le be *Adonis*, but will not refuſe.

GLORIANA.

Nay fie, you ſtray beyond your limits.

LYSANDER. *Kiſſe.*

Modeſty allowes ſuch undefiled mixtures.

To them FRANCISCO.

Ah! where are my eyes? what curſt unruly windes
Have blowne 'em out, and in their ſtead plac'd theſe baſe
counterfaits! Oh you Deities? you are unjuſt to ſuffer
this? If theſe eyes be my owne may they be blaſted, that
without my Lycence
Durſt ſee this object: but yet let reaſon
Sway my paſſion.
Why doe I wiſh a miſchiefe on my ſelfe
That muſt ſee their deſtruction? I have long
Suſpected him by reaſon of her Necios,
And the continuall ſcorne dwelt on her brow
When I did proffer love, were I provided
I'd ruſh upon 'em, and from his baſe armes

Snatch

Snatch the falſe Girle, but I'le ſtand ſecure
A while and over-heare 'em.

GLORIANA.

'Tis time to part, w'ave dally'd Time too long.
Lyſander, will you walk?

LYSANDER.

Thinks *Gloriana*
That Time is loſt that's ſpent with her *Lyſander*

FRANCISCO.

Deluding devill

GLORIANA.

I could *Lyſander*.
(*M*ight it not ſtaine my Mayden-yeares) live onely
By gazing on thy Beauty.

LYSANDER.

Nay, now you mock me; but I hope e're long
Wee ſhall with more ſecurity enjoy
What our hearts wiſh for. Where ſhall wee next meet?

GLORIANA.

In this very place to morrow be ſure you meet.

LYSANDER. *Exeunt.*

I will not faile.

FRANCISCO.

Nor I to meet you both. Oh my beſt ſtarres!
How I ſhall weave my ſelfe into revenge juſt, juſt Gods
y'ave ſtampt my braine for miſchiefe, which on them
I'le execute.
And none ſhall pry into my faults within.
Revenge has Coverts, fit to hide his ſin.

Exit.

CLOE mad.

SINGS.

Hey downe a downe derry,
And shall not wee be merry?
A fire on thy hole,
'Tis as black as a cole,
And thy nose is as browne as a berry.
Hi ho. What a thing this love is?
When Love did act a womans part,
Shee sings. Shee could have dy'd with all her heart,
It swell'd her so in every part;
Shee swore 'twas winde, and then did —
Hi, hi, hi, hi,
Nymphes to her
Sing about her.
Love cannot chuse but pitty yeeld,
He never liv'd in tented field,
'Mongst iron hearted men,
He knowes both how, and when
Thee to restore
To what thou wert before.
He has a tender breast, which knowes
Your wants by the tormenting woes
He's subject to himselfe.
Then doe not you despaire,
That are both young and faire.
Thus wee convay you hence.

CLOE. *Takes* Cloe *with 'em.*

Where doe you leade mee? *Exeunt.*

Lysander and *Gloriana.*

LYSANDER.

How blest are wee, that Fortune hath

So

So much befriended us in this happy?
Convenient opportunity?

GLORIANA.

'Tis an unaccustom'd favour,
And we ought in duty to acknowledge
A thankfulnesse for it.

LYSANDER. *Shee sits downe.*

So sits the pride of Nature to out-vye
Each glorious Beauty of the chequer'd field,
And *Flora's* richest Wardrobe.

GLORIANA.

I perceive
Y'ave practis'd long in th'flattering Rules of love.
What wil reward you?

LYSANDER.

A kisse is more than I can merit.
Will you sing.

GLORIANA.

And you'l give me another for my paines.

LYSANDER.

Put it to the tryall,
You shall not loose your labour.

SONG.

GLORIANA.

Sit while I doe gather flowers,
And depopulate the Bowers.
Here's a kisse will come to thee;
Lysander. Give me one, I'le give thee three.

BOTH.

Thus in harmlesse sport wee may,
Passe all idle houres away.

GLORIANA.

Hark, hark how fine
The Birds doe chime,
And pretty *Philomel*
Her moane doth tell.

BOTH.

Then pitty, pitty love, and all is well.

GLORIANA.

Here's the Violet, Pink, and Roſe,
The ſweeteſt breathings for the noſe.

LYSANDER.

Yet thy breath to me doth yeeld
More fragrant ſents than all the field.

GLORIANA.

Love cares not for flowers or toyes,
Play games for your apiſh Boyes.
Nor ſuperſtition
For his condition
Is for to know
Lyſander — if you love or no?

GLORIANA.

Then anſwer, love I or no.
But yet me thinks that face ſhould be
The *Model* of true conſtancie:
Therefore no reaſon have I,
To ſuſpect thy loyalty,
Here's another kiſſe for thee.

LYSANDER.

Give me one, I'le give thee three.

BOTH.

Thus in harmleſſe ſport wee may,
Paſſe all idle houres away.

Hark,

GLORIANA.

Hark, hark how fine
The Birds doe chime,
And pretty *Philomel*,
Her moane doth tell:

BOTH.

Then pitty, pitty Love, and all is well.

LYSANDER.

Y'ave sung me most a sleepe, my eyes are dull and heavy,
Faith I must make thy lap my pillow.

GLORIANA.

Repose thy gentle head on't. Alas!
I'm heavy too, and must obey my destinie. *Sleepe.*

The Destinies.

SING.

Sleepe on, sleepe on,
For wee have so decreed,
That thou must bleed:
Sleepe on, sleepe on,
And maist thou never rise,
For blood the shepheard cryes.
Sleepe on, sleepe on. *Exeunt.*

A heavenly messenger in white.

SONG.

Rise, rise *Lysander* to prevent
What the Destinies decreed.
Thou art constant, permanent,
And must not bleed:
Thy constant seed
Shall be the shepheards joy,
No annoy

Shall

Shall attend
Such a friend
As the Lasses need.
Rise, rise, awake!
And sleepe off shake;
The Heavens are pleas'd thy part to take,
For thy Love's sake. *Exit:*

GLORIANA. *They stirre.*

Lysander, where ar't? Lord how my fancie's troubled!

LYSANDER.

How fares my *Gloriana?* I have had
Strange thoughts that would have dispossest
Me of my rest, had I not tooke it here
On your sacred lap.

Francisco disguis'd with others.

FRANCISCO.

That is the man: upon him instantly
While I attach his Mistresse.

GLORIANA.

Ah me *Lysander*, what meanes these sad spectacles?

1. *VILLANE.*

Wee must have life and death.

GLORIANA.

Both life and death: how can that be?

FRAN.

Thy life, and thy *Lysanders* death.

GLORIANA.

I've heard that voyce e're now
Afford more milder language.

FRAN.

Stop her mouth lest shee does charme me
Unto pitty.

Are

LYSANDER.

Are you but men, and dare doe this?

GLORIANA.

Oh spare *Lysander*, sheath your swords in me.

FRAN.

Wee'l not expostulate: take that.

2. VILLANE.

And that.

GLORIANA. *They take her with them.*

Oh *Lysander*!
Stay, stay, let me but breath my last
Upon her lips, and I'le forgive this Butchery.
Cowards, Villaines, Miscreants, have you left me?
But oh my fairest, whether art thou fled?
Feare has made pale those cheekes that were so red.
I'le follow thee: they shall not dare to touch
The least hem of thy garments. But oh, I faint;
And must surrender up to earth that part
I tooke from her. *Gloriana*, oh *Gloriana!*

Claudia and Florida.

CLAVDIA.

Wee may for recreation walk,
And use some pretty harmlesse talk.
Religion does not tye us to
A stricter course than wee can doe.

FLORIDA.

'Tis dangerous walking, every field
Doth nought but sounds of horror yeeld,
And to my fancie doth appeare
Poore slaughter'd Maids; the Butchers beare

The

The name of Lovers, and can finde
A way in killing to be kinde. *Lysander.* *Oh!*
Ah me, whence came that groane?

CLAUDIA.

It is a Shepheard wounded sore.

FLORIDA.

Sure I've seene this face before!
Oh 'tis *Lysander* th' trueſt Swaine,
That ever breath'd on Grove or Plaine.

CLAUDIA.

What, is hee mark'd for preſent death?

FLORIDA.

No, there is hopes of life: his breath
I feele come coldly. *Take him with 'em.*

CLAUDIA.

Help him in.
Pan be juſt, reward this ſin.

SCRUB.

The devill and his dam I think have carri'd away my *Maſter*; I cannot finde him in never a Wenches placuit, (pocket I ſhould ſay) and yet I have beene in a ſimple many ſince I came among theſe Mutton-Mongers, theſe ſheepe-eaters, unleſſe they have hid him amongſt their wooll, I cannot imagine where hee ſhould be. I will weare my ſhooes to peeces but I'le finde him. *Exit.*

Lyſander, Claudia, Florida, and Cloe.

LYSANDER.

Religious *Matron*, from your divine hand
I have receiv'd my life next to heavens providence:
Sure my wounds were not deſperate, or elſe
Some Angell did afford a ſoveraigne Balſome

To cure 'em in such an instant: but howsoever,
I must ascribe it to your pious care:
For which I owe you more than I can pay,
Unlesse it be my life.

CLAUDIA.

The Surgery I use is sent from Heaven,
And you owe them your life, not me.

LYSANDER.

But *Florida*,
Did you ne're heare of your *Cliton?* *Since.*

FLORIDA.

Never.
Yet I would gladly see him, did I know
By what meanes to atchieve it?

CLOE.

Deare friend, the stories of us both if weigh'd
In an equall ballance, would poize each other
Yet to put her love to the Test, I'le undertake
your message.

LYSANDER.

Thou wilt endeare me to thee then, about it.

FLORIDA. *Exit Cloe.*

You heard how *Cloe* came to our happy Cure.

LYSANDER.

Never.

FLORIDA.

The Wood Nymphes brought her to our Cell, finding
Her stray'd where ever since sh'as bin.

LYSANDER. *(Cliton:*

If you will with mee, *I'le* promise you, you shall see your

FLORIDA.

On those conditions I will.

Whether

CLAVDIA.

Whether now?

FLORIDA.

No farther than with your consent, and if you please, you may goe with us.

Clau. I am contented. *Exeunt.*

Gloriana distracted.

SINGS.

I know *Lysander's* dead,
Then farewell maydenhead;
Thou art but one:
When I amgone:
It never shall be said — hy ho, ho.
Oh *Lysander.*

CLITON like a Hermit.

Save you faire Maid, I wish you joy,
Free from ought that may annoy
Your quiet, or disturb your sence;
Send you health and penitence.

GLORIANA.

Ha, ha, ha, what, are you *Lysander?* what, with that beard? there's a great beard indeed: heark you Fryer *Tuck*, doe you see yon handsome shepheard *Lysander?*
Why did you say he was dead?

CLITON.

You are mistaken, I'm a Hermit that can cure
All wounds, but what sinne makes impure;
And those are cur'd by one above:
I can help those ills that move
Man to distraction, jealous feares,
In man or woman. I have yeares

Has

Has gain'd experience to apply
For all sorts a safe remedy.

GLORIANA.

SINGS.

Doe you see where he doth stand,
With a Crosse-Bow in his hand.
I will follow thee my Deare,
Though the Goblins keepeth there.

CLITON. *Offers to goe in.*

Stay pure *Mayd.*

GLORIANA.

Why doe you hold me old man? insooth you shall not.

CLITON.

If you will be rul'd by mee,
You shall your *Lysander* see.

GLORIANA.

Shall I indeed now?

CLITON.

Come with me and you shall know
More, if you will but patient grow. *Exeunt.*

Leon and Alexis.

Good Father, be patient.

LEON.

Is not my daughter lost, my onely daughter,
The onely staffe whereon my age did rest,
And onely comfort which I had on earth?
Oh! I am miserable.

Leon and Alexis.

There's hopes yet left to finde her.

LEON.

Never. Some rude and savage hand has kill'd my Girle,
Having deflowr'd her of her virgin honour.

Talk

Talk not of patience, 'tis the onely meanes
To cure a bad distemper, to grow worse,
And fire it out of him. Oh my *Alexis*!

ALEXIS.

I'm lost in loosing her.
Let us endeavour to finde her,

LEON.

I'le take thy counsell, goodnesse guide me still,
Sometimes are Parents crosse against their will.

Exeunt.

Lysander. Claudia. Florida.

LYSANDER.

W'are almost at his Cell, where hee do's waste
Himselfe away with griefe, thinking you are
A Citizen in Heaven, and that wrong
He did you, has so defil'd his soule,
It cannot be purg'd off but by such penitence.

FLORIDA.

Y'ave mov'd my heart that it dissolves to teares,
Of blood, and water, for the strictnesse hee
Has undergone for mee. *Enter Cloe and Daphnes.*

CLOE.

I'm glad I've found you; doe you see w'are coupl'd as
Lovers ought to doe: but your *Gloriana* is lost beyond
Recovery.

LYSANDER.

How?

DAPHNES.

Shee hearing of your death fell frantick, and
Since I have not seene her ne're our Groves.

LYSANDER

Let us put wings to our pursuit to finde her;

And first wee'l search his Cell.

CLAVDIA.

Great *Pan* send all things well. *Exeunt.*

FRANCISCO.

Oh Conscience, how thou do'st buz into my eares; despaire
The thing attends my guilt, *Gloriana* lost:
For whose sweet sake I heap't new sinnes upon me?
What has my fury purchas'd nothing? Yes!
Hell, and destruction, which onely by a haire hangs o're my head, which blowne by the least winde, falls downe and sinks me.

SCRVB.

You sirrah, madcap, that creepes like a Crab there: Hark you, doe not you know one *Francisco* and *Pisander*, two vagabonds, that cannot live in peace with Poultry, but they must flye after sheepe?

FRANCISCO.

I owe that wretched name *Francisco*.

SCRUB.

Who? you with that face! pray where's *Pisander* then?

FRANC.

I left him at the Court when I came thence.

SCRUB.

I see you shepheards will lye abominably, hee has beene from the Court ever since seven yeares before hee was borne.

Lysander. Leon.
Gloriana. Claud. Florida. Cloe. Clitan. Daphnes. Alexis.

LYSANDER.

Friends, wee are happy made, Fortune and Love reserv'd these blisses to crowne the end of things.

CLITON.

The ſtory you related *Florida*.
How this divine Matron did take your body,
Finding it warme, and did apply ſuch Balſames
As hath preſerv'd your life, makes me moſt happy.

LYSANDER.

I'm bleſt in my *Gloriana*.

DAPHNES.

I in my *Cloe*.

CLITON.

And I in *Florida*.

Leon, Alexis, Claudia, and Florida.

And wee to ſee you poſſeſſe ſuch bliſſe.

FRAN.

Ah! Protect me ſome bleſt power: keepe farther off. I am yet reconcil'd with heaven. I doe confeſſe I kill'd you! Oh be mercifull for their ſweet ſakes, whoſe innocence cannot ſee, or be diſturb'd by thee. There they are by thee: thy once deare *Gloriana*.

LYSANDER.

What a diſtemper's this?

FRANCISCO.

What will appeaſe thy Ghoſt? give me but time to aske forgiveneſſe of thoſe ſacred powers I've moſt offended, by depriving thee of life and being, and thou ſhalt have my life for thy juſt ſacrifice.

LYSANDER.

I apprehend his guilt: ſhepheard, feare not; your hate grew not to ſuch deſperate effects as you expected. Feele, I live and breath!

FRAN.

Delude me not, 'tis impoſſible.

LYSANDER.

These shall witnesse it.

OMNES.

Wee doe.

FRAN.

Can you forgive then my attempt?

LYSANDER.

With a true heart.

OMNES.

Lysander's still himselfe, noble and wise.

FRANCISCO.

And can you Fairest, wipe that Ignominy off, I deserv'd from you?

GLORIANA.

My Lysanders word sufficeth for us both.

FRAN.

Then may you both live happy many yeares:
*M*ay your joyes, never be disturb'd by feares.

SCRUB.

Heark you sir, now all your talk is over, I would know one thing of you?

LYSANDER.

And what's that?

SCRUB.

Have you met with one *Pisander*, *Leon*, and *Francisco* in your Travailes?
The Duke is dead that banisht good old *Leon*, and could I finde him; his lands shall be restor'd.

LEON.

I am that *Leon* that with my sonne and daughter here have liv'd e're since in this Rurall way.

OMNES.

Bleſſings doe follow bleſſings.

LYSANDER.

Then I am that *Piſander* that left the Court, to gaine the Daughters love by the name of *Lyſander*. *Scrub*, do'ſt thou know me now?

SCRVB.

A peſtlence on't, you are hee indeed.

FRAN.

Piſander, embrace thy friend *Franciſco*.

LYSANDER.

Franciſco! thou cloy'ſt me with joy. *Embrace.*

FRAN.

I left the Court for the ſame end you did.

LYSANDER.

Shee's mine now Sir, is ſhee not?

LEON.

As faſt as th' Prieſt can make her,
Fortune has made all happy: Yet 'tis fit
If they will wed, your hands ſhould licence it.

Amor finem coronat.

GEntle Reader, there are ſome faults which (through the obſcurity of the Coppie, and abſence of the Author) have paſſed the Preſſe; To particularize them were needleſſe; But favourably looke o're them, and with thy Pen courteouſly correct ſuch defects as thou ſhalt finde, not condemning the Preſſe or injuring the Author.